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For Strength*

ALWAYS
YOUR BEST FOOD

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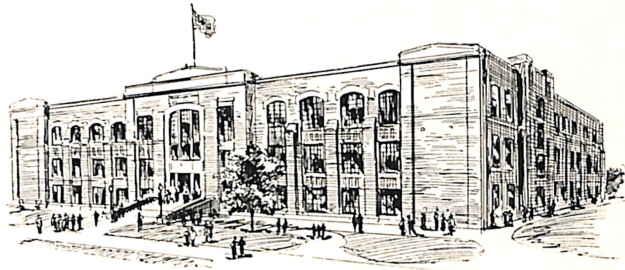
SMITH'S DAIRY

SARNIA CITY DAIRY
LIMITED

SILVERWOOD'S DAIRIES
LIMITED

The Ad Astra Annual

{ Formerly *The Collegiate* }



1948 — 1949



Published in the Interest of Present Students
and Former Students of

**The Sarnia Collegiate Institute
and Technical School**



OUR MOTTO — *Sic Itur Ad Astra*

OUR COLORS — *Blue and White*



*To our Principal, Mr. Alex Sinclair in appreciation
of his fairness towards the students
and his keen interest in their welfare we
respectfully dedicate this issue of the
"Ad Astra Annual"*

THE SARNIA BOARD OF EDUCATION

and its

ADVISORY-VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE

ARE GLAD TO AVAIL THEMSELVES OF THIS
OPPORTUNITY OF GREETING THE 1949 AD ASTRA
ANNUAL MAGAZINE STAFF AND ALSO ALL THE
READERS OF THIS PUBLICATION

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SARNIA, ONTARIO

"The Imperial and Chemical City of Canada"

Look forward, never backward, you cannot change the past, but with intelligent vision you can plan and create a greater future.

The youth of today should be prepared to grasp the opportunities of tomorrow.

MAYOR — W. C. NELSON

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So long as there is a margin between what a city is and what it can be, there is room for a Chamber of Commerce.

YOUR CHAMBER MEANS SUPPORT TO MAKE YOUR
CITY A BETTER PLACE IN WHICH TO LIVE.



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Boys' Sports



"SUGAR" HARKINS
Humor

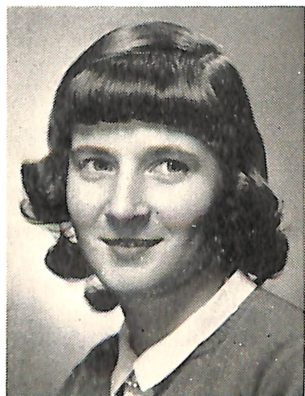


ROD PONTEFRACT
Humor

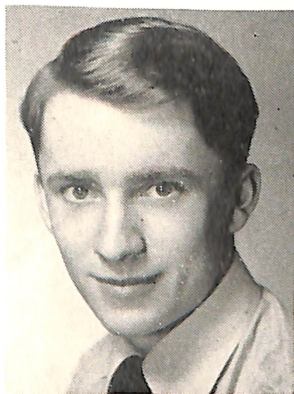


MILDRED
DAVICH

Girls'
Sports



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Asst. Novelty Ed.



TREVOR STOREY
Photography



NOREEN SHAUNESSY
Novelty Ed.



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Front Row: Marilyn Guthrie, Mavis Ambler, Joan Sanders, Phyllis West, Loreen Walton, June Garrison, Barbara Marshall.



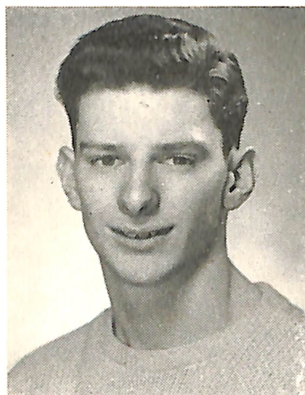
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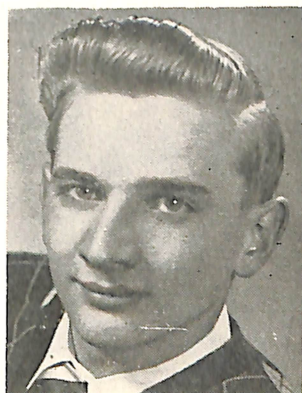
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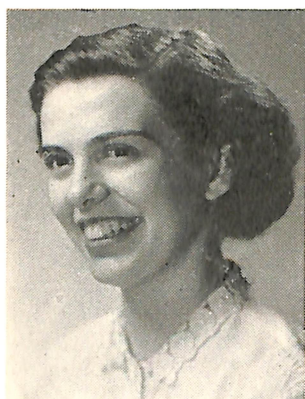
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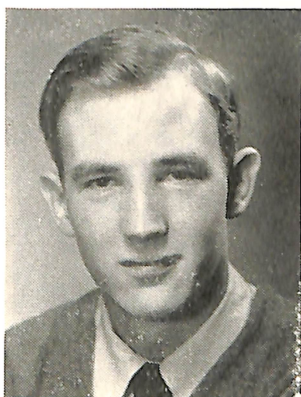
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Science, Travel

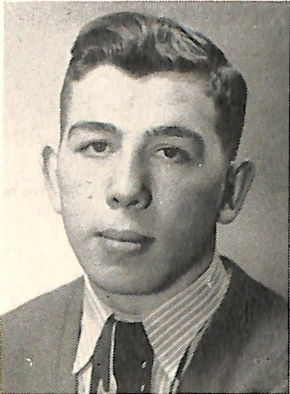


ESTHER SKOSOV
Asst. Lit.



ALLAN WILSON
Art

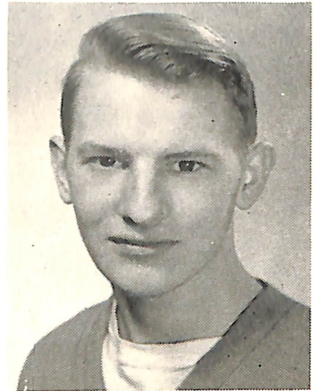
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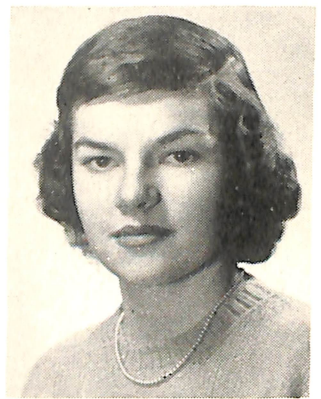
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Alumni



ANNE RAUSA
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Music, Drama

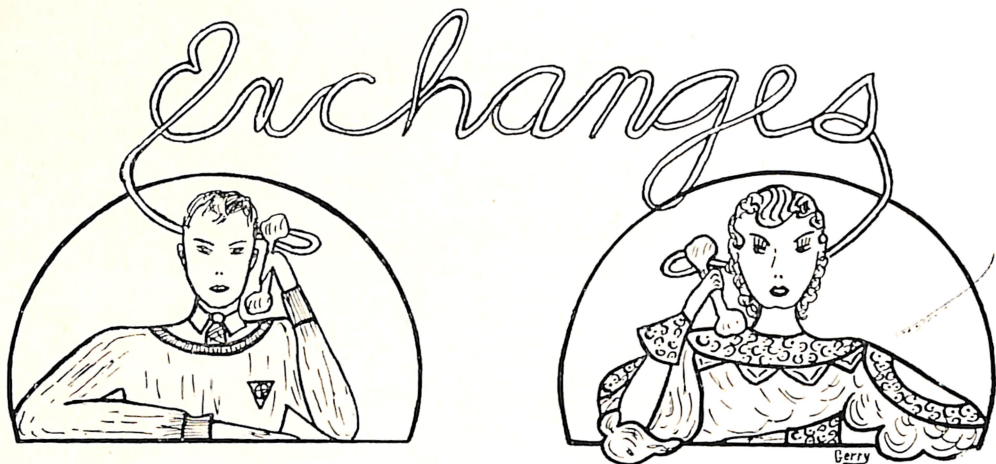
F O R E W O R D

On September 17 our student body and the citizens of Sarnia alike, were stunned by the sudden tragedy that befell our beloved Principal, in the loss of his wife and serious injury to himself and his daughter, Mary, as the result of an accident while motoring to Toronto. After many long, trying months spent in St. Joseph's Hospital in Toronto, Mr. Sinclair is now well on the way to recovery, and we are all happy to have him back with us again.

The courage with which our Principal has faced pain, trial, and sadness should be a great inspiration to us all. Life is often like that. Many of us will have an uphill battle to fight throughout life. It is the winning through that strengthens character and brings contentment and satisfaction when life's battle is finished. At the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School, you have a wonderful opportunity to make a good start in life. You have an excellent school building, a well-qualified and sympathetic Staff of Instructors. Are you making the most of your opportunities and putting forth your best efforts to prepare yourself for your life work?

May I take this opportunity to express my thanks and appreciation to the Staff and students for the splendid co-operation given me during the past year in carrying on with the administration of the school without the guiding hand of our Principal.

J. E. JOHNSTON,
Vice-Principal.



The purpose behind any exchange column lies in building better magazines. We have received other publications, and below have tried to give helpful criticism. We would like, in turn, to receive suggestions from other editors.

Several old friends have been sent to us, and a few publications have come our way for the first time. Many have been excellent, some have not; but we have derived a great deal of pleasure reviewing all of them.

Long Branch "Avalanche"—Your Humour section could be enlarged to advantage. Also, more distinctive headings would make your magazine more attractive. We liked the idea of having the valedictory address in the magazine.

University of Acadia "Athenaeum"—A very newsy paper from down where they play rucker instead of rugby. Containing everything from weekly sports columns and humour to provocative editorials, this publication was surprisingly good, even though it was sent out each week. One such editorial was an account of a survey under the headline "Acadia Girls Don't Want Dates." It provided fuel for an interesting argument during the following weeks.

Timmins High and Vocational School "Scroll"—A very pleasant magazine. We liked its informality and were especially pleased by the quality of the French department. We think that if the advertisements were put in one place, the magazine would be appreciated more.

George Watson's College "Watsonian"—This is a seasonal magazine sent over all the way from Edinburgh. From the portion given to them, it would appear that sports occupy much of the students' time. One article of interest told of the British Air Cadets' tour of Canada. Dealing only with the itinerary of the trip, it appeared quite inadequate as to what happened over here. For instance, the writer concludes one sentence, "touching at Sarnia and Owen Sound."

Fettes College "Fettesian"—This is another seasonal magazine from Edinburgh. We were surprised that they play field hockey instead of the ice variety. This magazine is rich in tradition, but once again we thought that the sports section takes too much space.

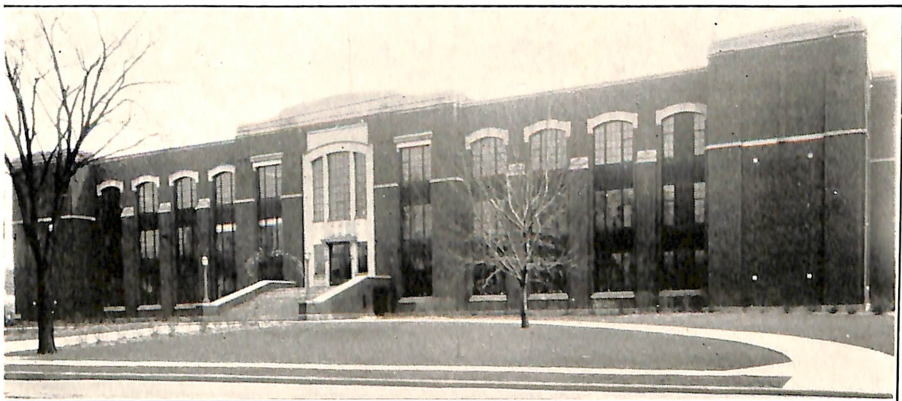
University of Toronto Schools "The Twig"—This, the largest magazine received, was a rather formal publication of the highest calibre. The clear headings were especially good. At the beginning of each section was a full page photograph which was excellent, as was all photography. However, we had a little trouble finding several articles that were hidden behind advertisements.

Assumption High School "Reporter"—A smart paper published by our old football foes. It contains several good columns such as "Record Review," but we do not like its gloating attitude towards football victims (S. C. I. & T. S. included).

Delta Collegiate, Hamilton "Lampadion"—Your photography is excellent, but we think that your Humour section should be given a more prominent position.

Toronto Humberside "Hermes"—Here was one of the truly fine magazines. We especially liked both the quantity and quality of the photography. This magazine excluded literary and scientific articles, but we do not think that this has detracted in the least from its quality. It has, in part, filled this space with interesting "thumbnail sketches" of the graduating class. The only suggestion we could make is that the advertisements should not interfere with the other material.

Fort William Collegiate "Oracle"—We were amazed by the size of the staff of this well-organized magazine—it consisted of no less than forty-five members. Another point we liked about this magazine was that the pictures were taken at a minimum cost by students of the school. However, could your "Humour Section" not be enlarged and assembled better?



The Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School

LITERATURE.



ABOVE ALL FEAR!

"Well then, take paper and pencil and write: 'Above all, fear!' he stated.

I had asked him to tell me what the soldier feels on going out to meet the enemy, and this was his answer. I had thought he would say, "Inspiration," or "Readiness to die," or possibly "Elation."

But instead, without the slightest degree of over-emphassis, he'd said: "Above all, fear!"

For a good while I looked at this fellow, tall, broad-shouldered; looked at his heavy, solid muscular swinging feet, legs familiar with heavy duty, covered with scratches and scabs.

"Does he know what fear is?" I wondered.

As if he had sensed my question, he went on: "I too!—at the beginning. Get it straight, there's no such thing as a man born courageous. Bravery is a trait one picks up. You develop a lack of fear. Fear exists to start with, whether you know it or not. It's there. You've simply got to face the fact."

In the dark silence, we listened to the fall of the early spring rain on the tin roof. "Go on," I said.

"The patrol moved forward slowly in the hills of Beaumarpse—2:00 a.m. They'd set out at midnight. Every now and then lights flickered in the distance.

The patrol's mission that night was to blow up three points in a village which had become the military nerve centre of the Germans. It was from here that attacks on British and American planes had been launched. The chief enemy base was located in the village.

Uri walked at the head of the single file, rifle slung over his shoulder, eyes glued to the back of the scout. Following him was Jacques, pistol on hips; Potvin, in charge of the sappers, walked third, carrying part of the heavy explosives. Behind him was Clodin, a slender girl, hair black as coal, fine lines chiseled in her striking face. She too was a sapper.

For years the weary discussion had raged; the place of "les jeunes filles" in war. But Clodin's a girl that knew her stuff. Two years ago she'd become known as an expert on bridges. Now for the first time she was to try her hand at blowing up one of these German posts. The Major's house, smack in the centre of the village, was her part of the job. When they first chose those who were to go on this mission they'd skipped her. She had somehow learned of it, run to the commander, and begged to be allowed to go along. He'd hesitated, but finally gave in.

Now she was fourth in line. Her heavy pack, loaded with explosives, didn't bother her in the least. They all knew her to be devoted, sharp, responsible and disciplined. She'd spent four years in the services. She'd gone through a course for chief sappers. No, there was little chance of her being a disappointment she thought.

They'd reached the outskirts of the village. Looking down from the ridge, they could see the outline of the houses. Their objective lay shrouded in silence. Not a crack of light shone from the windows.

They reached the village entrance. Then Jacques and Uri crept to the left; Potvin to the right; Clodin proceeded directly forward. The guards spread out.

As Clodin stood at the village entrance, a wave of keen and intense elation possessed her and all her doubts vanished. The large two-storied house loomed ahead. The plan of the interior as it had been described, flashed through her mind. The window — the door — the corner. She knew that the charge placed in that corner would rock the foundation, destroying the entire house. And with it — according to the plan — the dozen or so German leaders inside.

She laid the charge on the corner. From afar shouts and cries rang out. She knew that the others had placed their charges. Everything was ready

for the signal.

When the order to fire was given, Clodin didn't reach towards the fuse. She'd frozen in her place; not a finger moved. Then, without setting the charge off, she ran towards the others. We, remaining on guard, saw her dash out. We didn't know what happened, and there wasn't time to find out. Then, one blast, two—and silence. So she hadn't fired the charge.

We made our way home in silence. This time Clodin walked last. Filthy and exhausted, we reached home; Clodin spoke, almost in a whisper.

"I am ready for a military trial; I didn't set the charge off. I failed! Just as . . . just as I heard the signal to fire, I heard the cry of a child,

wakened from his sleep, from within the house. I couldn't . . . I froze to the spot. My courage vanished, and fled. I am soft-hearted, I didn't have the courage to set off a charge in a house where a child cried." She began to sob. "I am only worthy of the shame. I ask for a military trial."

I asked no more.

"Write about this," he urged. "Write against hollow, artificial courage which doesn't indicate a man's maturity but is rather a sign of an inferiority complex, or the covering up of fear precisely because one is afraid. Write that fear is quite human, but that one can conquer it, that one must, and the quicker the better." I promised.

ESTHER SKOSOV 12-A.

BOOKS ARE COMPANIONS

Books open new worlds for the reader.

By opening a book we can move from the land of mystery to the high seas of romance, from tropical islands to the cold of the frozen north.

First let us journey into the land of mystery.

We find ourselves beside the hero, sharing his moments of danger, eagerly helping him track down the criminal, and finally triumphing in his victory.

Then on tropical seas perhaps eagerly waiting for the man who has been diving for pearls or whatever the treasure is, to come to the surface of the water exclaiming of his find.

Down again he goes and you picture him moving silently down through the green depths.

Then you watch eagerly as the shell is opened and then gaze in awe at the size and perfectness of the pearl or wait expectantly as a chest covered with rust and the slime of seaweed is drawn from the water.

On to the frozen north where you imagine yourself behind a heavy sled, shouting encouraging words to your tired pack of dogs.

Then in your mind's eye you see

the beautiful Northern Lights playing on the blue sky.

The thrill of spearing fish through a hole in the ice, of skimming over the deep water in the flimsy kayak.

Then we traverse to the torrid heat of far off Africa.

You hear your porters jabbering excitedly ahead.

A lion, a tiger? You hurry ahead, and there standing in your path is a huge gorilla beating his chest with large hairy hands and defying you to come closer.

Run? Why that would be cowardly and in the face of the natives would prove disaster. Your mind tries to cope with the situation and finally you come to a conclusion. You are pleased with yourself upon hearing the admiring praise of your porters.

In China you walk along the great wall which was so patiently and strongly built, that it still stands.

Truly wonderful things you can do and see from the stone age to the miracles of modern science.

All these things books enable you to do and see.

Books are real companions and friends.

JOAN SCARROW, 9-9.

WHY I PREFER TO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY

My grandfather was a lover of the country, and before he died, he instilled in me some of that love. In addition a great dislike was born in me for the city through my own experience. The first time I had ever been to a real city was after the death of my grandfather, when I came to see an aunt. At first I was impressed and my curiosity was aroused, but after a little while I began to miss all the things I had taken for granted in the country.

Most of all I missed the seasons, the kind you'll only find in open country where there are trees, birds, and where hills meet plain and sky. For only in the country are the seasons so apparent, so glorious, and so colourful. With the coming of spring, the snows are swept away from the vast countryside and the earth is laid cold and bare. At first there is an acute awareness of death, as though the dark trees with their stark branches had died a remote time ago. But this does not last, for they were only sleeping a bit too soundly. Soon buds burst bringing bright colour and lightness, a world so different from the season just gone by that I can scarcely believe it had been. I remember how much I loved to see bluebirds in the lone apple tree on a hill where I had helped grandpa put a bright yellow birdhouse. We looked forward to spring with much pleasure during the white winter. When spring did come, all were happy.

When the warm, sunny days of summer go by, the grains ripen, turn gold, and in the setting of the sun, the sky glows red and orange, it is then, as gentle as the falling of a leaf from a tree, that autumn appears. There is a sense of finality about autumn, for it promises an end to warm sunny days. The golden grain

was no longer in the fields, the trees had been plucked bare, only the sun and the harvest moon were more colourful in their glory.

Orange and black were colours symbolic of autumn, the days were a mass of orange leaves and sunsets, while at night the moon was an orange pumpkin riding across a black sky, while even blacker branches thrust themselves upward. To me autumn was an end.

But winter was neither a beginning nor an end, instead it was an interlude between autumn and spring. Nothing grew in winter for it was a time for sleep, but winter was beautiful. The clean whiteness of its snow would illuminate the night, and when the stars shone, our farm looked like a picture from fairyland. When the snows were soft and deep, I skied on the hill, but I liked skating most of all. There was skating at a small lake between two ridges, about three and a half miles from our farm. Every winter there would be a roasting party at that lake. Then grandpa would hitch up our two horses, Frankie and Johnnie, to the sled, wrap us in warm, thick furs, and down we'd go to the lake, sleigh bells ringing. Outside, marshmallows, apples, chestnuts, and, of course, weiners were roasted. Bonfires glowed in many places, lighting up the lake for skaters. Everyone went home as rosy-cheeked as the taffy apples we'd eaten, and blissfully tired.

It was all those things that I missed terribly. The city could not make me forget, or offer me new pleasures. It was too close, too dusty, and too crowded. Some day I shall go back to the country, and I know it will be like coming home after an unpleasant stay in some foreign land.

VICTORIA KIASKO, 11-C.

ACE MEANS FIRST

"Another Pepsi, please."

"I'll have a piece of apple pie. Hey, here's Howard."

"Move over men. I see you won the game yesterday. Who got the most points?"

"Pete. Sixteen."

He's improving. What about Keith? Is he still in his slump?"

"He was only on for a few minutes in the last quarter. I don't know what has happened to him. Last year he led the Church League in scoring, and he was second in the WOSSA League." Pete finished his pie. "Maybe we've improved and Keith hasn't?"

"Couldn't be that!" cut in Howard. "Why Pete averaged thirteen points a game last year, and so far this year we've only averaged nine."

The room lapsed into silence. Then Howard spoke again, "I think that the standing of the team last year had something to do with it. Remember how disappointed Keith was when both his teams finished second? Knowing him pretty well, I'd say that he blames himself for their defeat. Do you notice how he has changed his shooting? When he got the ball under the net, he tried to pivot and completely missed."

"That's right," Pete broke in, "and at the end, instead of passing or shooting ordinarily, he tried to put it over his head."

"What made him change?" interrupted a newcomer. "I'd heard that he was pretty good."

"I think I know the cause," ventured Doc. In case you don't know him, Doc had the heart of a joker and the mind of a psychologist. "Two years ago, while we were in Chatham after a game, we all weighed ourselves. On Keith's fortune were the words 'You will be second. Well, as you know, Keith has been second several times. Now, according to my theory, this has developed a sort of inferiority complex in him which has made him think that he was the cause of the

losses. As a result, he decided to change his playing. And so there he is."

"Isn't there some way to cure him?"

"Not that I know of. He'll have to cure himself."

"Sav, I know," said Howard. "Let's read his fortune for him again. One of us will pretend that he can tell fortunes by cards. Then tonight after practice we'll have our fortunes told. We'll think of something good to tell Keith to cure him."

If you had happened to venture into Smalz's Snack Shoppe around ten o'clock that evening, you might have seen a group of fellows huddled in the far corner booth.

"Gee, Doc, you didn't tell us you could read fortunes in cards." It was Keith's voice.

"Sure, Doc," said Pete, "look into our future. Start with Keith."

"All right," said Doc, "let's see what the first card is. Ah, a queen! That means there's a brown-eyed brunette in your future."

"That's his dog," shouted someone in the rear. They all roared.

"Quiet," shouted Keith, "I want to hear this."

"Here," continued Doc, "we have an ace and a nine-spot. Owing to various circumstances too difficult to explain to the uninitiated the nine represents the name of a game or object of nine letters."

"Basketball," they chorused.

"Right, and the ace signifies a first place team!"

"What d'you know!" breathed Keith. Later Doc and Keith were walking home. Doc inquired, "What do you think of my fortune-telling, Keith?"

"Pretty fair,— but it's too bad I knew what was coming."

"What do you mean?"

Keith chuckled. "I happen to know everything that you had planned. You see, this afternoon while you were talking, I happened to be in the kitchen,

"Naturally I heard everything you said."

Doc scratched his head in an embarrassed fashion.

Keith continued, "I know this puts you in a difficult position, but I was certainly glad I heard you. Starting

tomorrow I am going to forget all this nonsense and really start to play basketball."

"Oh, yes," shouted Keith as he waved good night. "Basketball has ten letters, not nine."

LLOYD ELMER 13-B.

SARNIA'S NEW "Y"

Everyone in Sarnia should know about the proposed "Y. M.-Y. W. C. A." In a city of this size a building such as this is vitally essential.

In Sarnia it was hoped that we could build a large, modern building somewhat the same as Hamilton's, but on a smaller scale. This building would be located on the corner of Mitton and Maria streets, with the entrance facing Mitton. Included in the blueprints of this building were a gymnasium, swimming pool, club rooms, bowling alleys, and a large dormitory. When an experienced architect from New York drew up the plans, he estimated the total cost just under a million dollars. The organization had just one hundred and fifty thousand dollars at the time, which, of course was not enough.

After pondering this problem for some time, the directors asked the architect to break the building down into several units, so that each unit could be built as they received funds. But, which unit should they build first? They wished to build the part most desired and needed by the youth of Sarnia, but which this is,

nobody knows.

They considered this question extensively and finally it was suggested that they should see a few students from the Collegiate. This seemed a good idea, so they called a few students in and interviewed them.

No one seemed to agree with anyone else, and the directors still had no idea to work on.

At last someone got the perfect idea. Why not make a survey of the Collegiate and find out what the students want most in the new "Y"? This idea seemed suitable to all concerned, so they are now preparing sheets for the survey, which is to be made some time in February or March. On these sheets the pupils will be able to list the things, in order of preference, that they want most in the new "Y."

Once it is completed, it will serve as a base for the "Y. M.-Y. W." of the future. In a few years' time, if all goes well, another unit, or even units, may be added to the building. And at some future date we hope that our city will have a beautiful "Y" building to be proud of.

DAVE PARKER, 10-7.

SOB STORY

This pitiful ditty was heard by our roving Peeping Tom while passing a house on the corner of Norman St., and London Road.

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Like the hole in my sleeve,
Don't tell me we're through.

Author Unknown?

Mr. Payne: Gib, are you spitting out the window?

Gib R.: No, but I'm coming darn close.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Wilson: I don't believe I deserved an absolute zero on this test, sir.

Mr. Treitz: I don't either, but it's the lowest mark I'm allowed to give.



A TRIP FROM ENGLAND TO CANADA

It was on the 18th of October when we left London on the first stage of our journey. This consisted of a train ride from the city itself to the Southampton docks, where we were to meet the "Aquitania." Taking about four hours, this trip was a little tiring, as the small carriages were crowded with people all busily chatting about their new homes in Canada. It was so tiring in fact that not long after we started we soon forgot to notice the open countryside dashing by.

Being a special train, it did not stop at any stations on the way, and in fact did not stop until it had pulled into the two-mile-long dock.

Everything was well organized, and all we had to do was walk straight from the train through the customs offices, where our small hand baggage was inspected and where we collected our final berth tickets, and onto the boat. All our big trunks had been loaded aboard in readiness for us, so we did not have to worry about them.

Dock stewards were waiting to show us all to our cabins, and it was not long before we had our bags unpacked and everything settled. We had timed things pretty well, as just about then the dinner gong rang. Although it took us quite a while to find the dining room, it was worth the effort as the food was very good.

We all turned in pretty early as we felt rather tired.

It would take too long to give a detailed account of the boat trip. It really passed like a long and rather rough ride across a river. It took seven days in all, most of which were spent playing deck games or, when the weather got too rough, trying to dance on a very wobbly floor.

All this rough weather, including a bad storm, near the end of the voyage helped to unsettle a few stomachs, my mother's being among those affected. I cannot remember any sensation quite like the feeling of having the

ground on which you are standing suddenly drop ten feet, but that was what it was like. The end of the day-long storm was marked by our entry into the Mexican Gulf Stream, and from there on the sea was very calm.

Seven days had passed since the three tugs had pulled us out of Southampton, and the only land we had seen was the Isle of Wight and Newfoundland. But now we were in Halifax. The rain was pouring down and we were all glad to be in the shelter of the Canadian Custom's buildings. Here again all our luggage was checked for smuggled goods, weighed and labeled for the long train ride ahead.

Walking up the railroad tracks is something which is not allowed in England, but that was what we had to do in order to board our train. It was the first big train that I had ever seen, and it was quite a thrill.

Porters soon arrived to make up our berths, in which we spent two rather bumpy nights. Sleeping in a train is a little different from sleeping at home, as is sleeping on board ship, and I can think of more comfortable ways of spending the night.

Only one day was spent thus travelling, but it was probably one of the best days of the whole journey, as it was during this stretch that we had a chance to see the wonderful new land to which we had come. It had been a long, not altogether enjoyable trip, but it was then that we knew that it had been worth it.

Although the journey really ends here in Sarnia, my story finishes in Toronto, where my mother, sister and myself were met by my brother. He showed us around the city and introduced us to his friends there. They were the first Canadian people to invite us to their homes and it is here that I close. I know that I will like it in Sarnia so much that I will make it my home for a long while.

G. TOTHILL, 11-B.

This is a letter I received from my cousin Bruce Carruthers who returned recently to India. His father is a medical missionary in Miraj, India, and he himself attended S. C. I. in 1946-1947,, and in the months of September and October, 1948, while his father was home on furlough.

J. S. C.

Miraj, India,
December 12, 1948.

Dear Jack:

We were held up in Paris for two weeks; although I could ramble on and on about our numerous and sun-dry experiences I shall only mention a few. We stowed at a little hotel in the Latin Quarter, just a block from the river Seine, and quite near the main business section. The weather was terrible the whole time we were there, but we got around just the same. We went on only one excursion, to the Versailles palace. We also saw the Louvre and all the rest of the beautiful Paris buildings. There were hardly any marks of the war except the scarcity of such staples as milk, butter, sugar, coffee, and good flour, and the soberness of the average person. I forgot to mention the lack of adequate heat all over the city. In our hotel we had a little heat every second day, so we had to keep our overcoats on inside the room or go to bed to keep warm. The inflation was also bad. When we arrived, the exchange rate was 300 francs to the American dollar, and when we left two weeks later it was 315, and 450 on the black market. We visited the United Nations before we left. They were talking about Greece, and hot words were flying between the Yugoslavian delegate and the Americans. The Reds were accusing the American-controlled government of all sorts of atrocities, but we left before the Americans started to deny them all. We had small devices handed to us at the door which translated all the speeches into six different languages.

We left by TWA lines just seventeen days after our arrival (having

expected to stay over night.) We took off just before sunset and arrived at Geneva, Switzerland, too late to see the mountains or anything else. We had an after-dinner snack there and took off again about an hour later. There were no clouds, and so we could see the lights of the city and a little bit of the lake. We got to Rome about midnight and of course saw nothing except the airport waiting room. We got to Athens in the darkness before dawn, but I guess everyone there is an early riser, as the city was all lighted up and looked beautiful, surrounded by the black countryside.

When the sun finally rose, we were winging our way across the Mediterranean toward Cairo. We saw nothing but clouds until we reached the coast of Egypt and the delta of the Nile. The contrast between the bleak desert and the green fields of the delta was very marked, and the small fields with the mud huts were our first glimpse of the Orient. We were about two hours late when we landed at 10 a.m. Because of an Arabian rule that there can be no night flying over their land, we had to stay overnight in the city, much to our joy. We had accommodations at the Grand Heliopolis Hotel, which is one of the finest I have ever seen. In the afternoon we hired a guide and went out to the pyramids. It was a lovely drive through the city, across the Nile, and right to the edge of the desert. The place was swarming with hawkers of all sorts and sizes, who bothered us wherever we went except in the middle of the Great Pyramid. After we had seen all the various tombs and temples, and the Sphinx, we went back to our sumptuous hotel. It was strange to get back to Oriental customs and inefficiency. The hotel had no room keys, but a boy on each floor opened our door if we called him. Everything closed up in the afternoon while everyone had a nap, and there were swarms of humanity everywhere out to cheat the tourists. They roused us at four the next morning, so we could resume our flight as soon as possible.

We had breakfast at the airport, and were away at about six o'clock.

It was a clear day and we could see the desert quite clearly even though we were about 9,000 feet up. We passed over the Red Sea and the Sinai Peninsula, where we could see Mount Sinai and all the cracks and crevices which cover that desert. When we crossed into Arabia, the scenery became monotonous until we reached the Euphrates river, where there were a few cocoanut plantations and green farms. We landed at Basra at the head of the Persian Gulf at about one o'clock in the afternoon. There we had some cold pop to relieve us from the heat and humidity, which was quite bad there. After about an hour we took off for Dahrán, Arabia, which is near Bahrein, farther down the Persian Gulf. We arrived there about an hour and a half later, flying down the coast. An American general who had boarded the plane at Athens was going to visit the Air Force base there, and so we had the U. S. Air Force lined up to greet us at the airport. Thank goodness I don't have to live there, as the weather is atrociously hot all year 'round, and all you have to look at is desert. We got away from there at about six p.m. after a light supper and started on the seven-hour run into Bombay. It became quite cool as we came over the ocean and the sun went down, but I got hardly any sleep anyway. We arrived at Santa Cruz airport at about 3 a.m. We had to wait in the plane for five minutes while they sprayed us with D.D.T., but soon we were on good Indian soil again. We were there about two hours while we waded through endless customs and immigration forms, more than I have ever seen before, but I guess any new country is touchy about such matters. We were taken to the Taj Mahal hotel by the airline bus and from there we went to some friends' house, where we were to stay. We were in Bombay for two days, while we made necessary purchases and attended to some business. Some sections of Bombay are fairly decent, but the streets are always

filled with noisy crowds and the hot muggy climate just aggravates matters. Another noticeable thing was the beggars. One little boy followed me for about half a mile trying to get a bukshees, but he was more persistent than most. We left for Poona one morning on one of India's crack trains. It hit 40 m.p.h. at times. The first part of the journey was through the hot coastal plain, but we soon came to the beautiful Western Ghats. After climbing about 2,000 feet we came into Poona. It seemed very cool after muggy Bombay. There we changed to the M. S. M. Railway, an old friend. It was metre gauge, and poked along at about 25 or 30 m.p.h. all the time, (on hills it was slower.)

As we came South, the landscape and the people became more and more familiar, the men wearing dhoties and enormous turbans, and women wearing saris. As it is on a plateau, the land is quite flat and in places almost like the South African veldt. However, most of the land is cultivated and quite a few trees grow. We got into Miraj at 8 p.m. (It took eight hours to go 160 miles). At the station there was a big mob of people to greet us with the true Indian spirit. Students were cheering and setting off firecrackers, and all our old friends were coming to greet us well into the night, but it finally quieted down and we could sleep.

Your cousin,

BRUCE

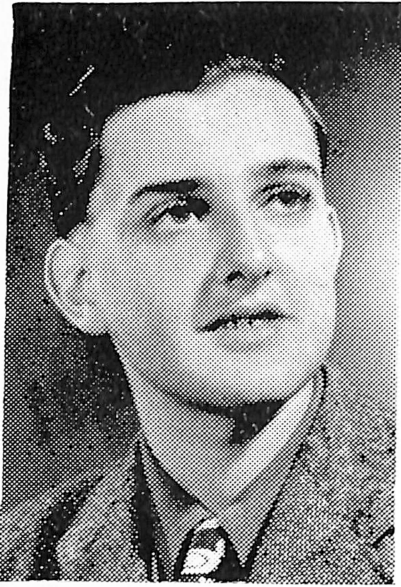
A POEM

He told her his love in the moonlight,
The colour left her cheeks.
But on the shoulder of his coat
It showed up plain for weeks.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Question: When does a man have to keep his word?

Answer: When nobody takes it.



MELVIN COHEN

Third Carter Scholarship



THOMAS MOVOLD

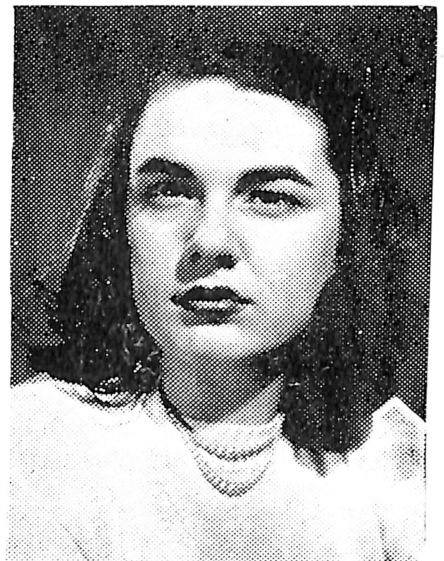
Dominion Provincial Student
Aid Bursary
Canatara Chapter I.O.D.E.
Bursary

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



THELMA RAMSEY

Municipal Chapter I.O.D.E.
Bursary



BARBARA BIDDLECOMB

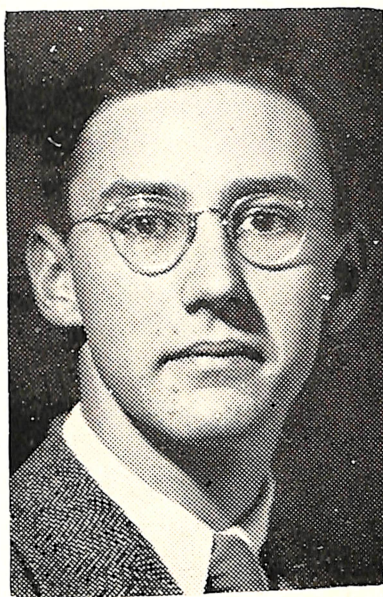
Sarnia University Women's Club
Bursary



ELIZABETH YOUNG

University of Western Ontario
Scholarship

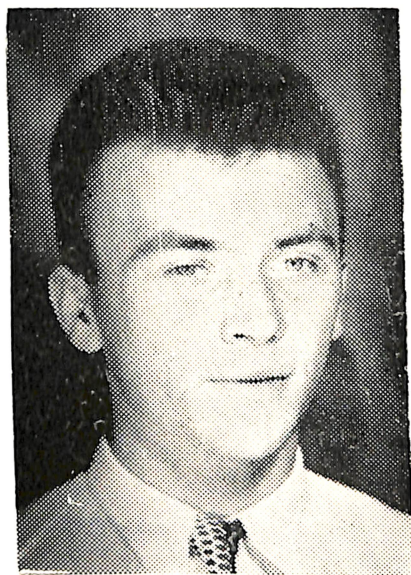
Leonard Scholarship



ROSS DUNN

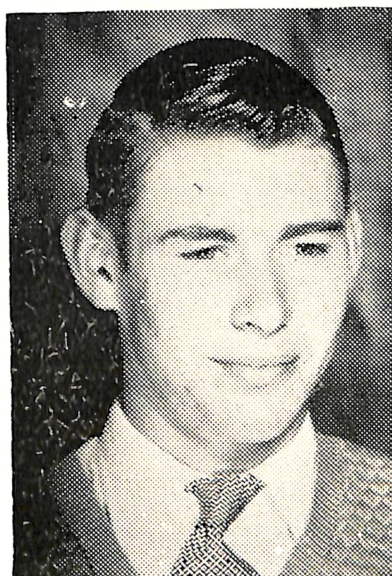
Dominion-Provincial Student Aid
Bursary

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



DOUGLAS CULLEY

Sarnia Bridge Co., Scholarship

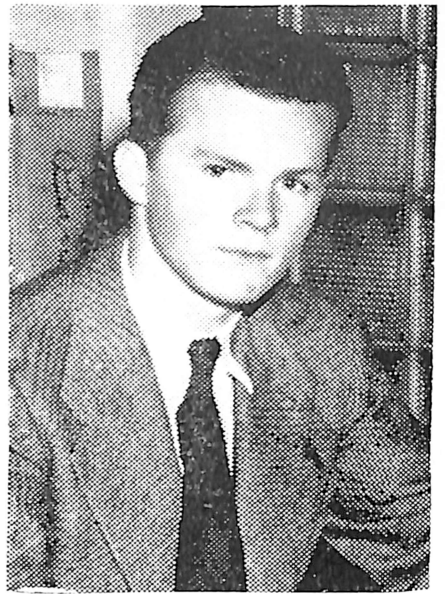


ROSS LECKIE

Sarnia Bridge Co., Scholarship



NICK DAVICH
Dom.-Prov.



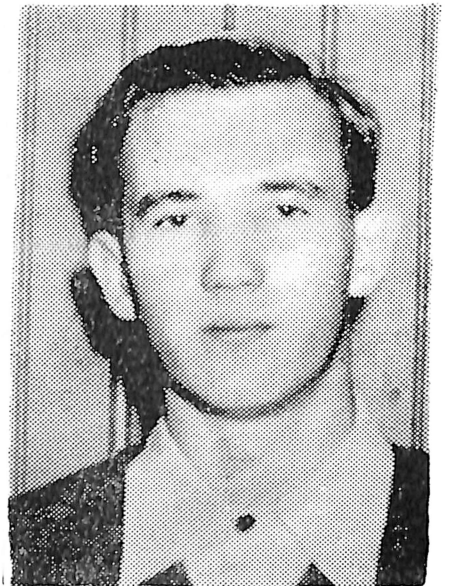
BILL MATHERS

Scholarships (2) Carter, Ramsay
Memorial, J. H. Riddell
Dom.-Prov.

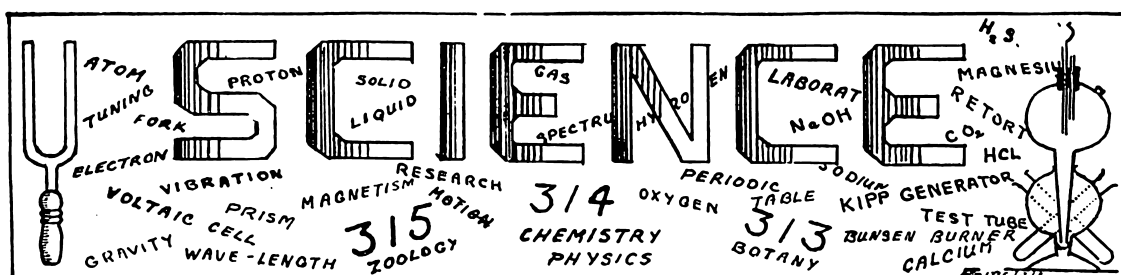
SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



MILDRED DAVICH
I. O. D. E.



JACK CARRUTHERS
D. M. Grant



HOW GOLD IS WRESTED FROM THE ROCKS

Where did the gold in your ring or bracelet, or the gold in the fillings in your teeth come from? You're not sure but you think it came out of the ground in some way or other. Well you are right, but it isn't found in big lumps any more, you know, it has to be extracted from the rock. Do you know how it is extracted from the rock? You haven't the slightest notion. Well, I'll try to explain the process as well as I can.

The ore is brought up from underground in a skip. A skip is a huge metal bucket which holds a ton of ore. The ore is taken from the skip into the crusher house, where it is put through a jaw crusher. The jaw crusher has one stationary vertical steel jaw. As the ore drops past it any big pieces are crushed as another steel jaw moves against the stationary one. The partly crushed ore goes over vibrating screens, where any ore that is not small enough to go through the screens goes back to the cone crusher on a picking belt. Any ore which has no gold in it is taken off the belt and discarded. The cone crusher is an inverted hollow steel cone with a small hole in the vertex of the cone. Another steel cone moves up and down inside the first one, crushing the ore and pushing it through the small hole. The ore from the cone crusher together with the ore from the vibrating screens then leaves the crusher house on a long conveyor belt which takes it to one of the ore bins in the mill.

The ore is taken from the ore bin and fed with water into a ball mill. The ball mill is a huge metal drum which revolves slowly. Inside the

the ball mill, it enters the classifier, ing from ten to fifteen pounds apiece. After the ore is ground to dust in the ball mill it enters the classifier, the ground ore being suspended in the water. The classifier is somewhat like a giant cork-screw lying on its side in a trough which is inclined about twenty degrees from the horizontal.

Any ore which is not ground fine enough to go over the lower end of the classifier is carried back to the ball mill by the revolving screw.

The ore which is fine enough to go over the lower end of the classifier, then goes to the blanket tables. The blanket tables are wide shallow troughs which are slightly inclined. The blankets are made of corduroy. The blankets are put on the table so that the ridges in the cloth are at right angles to the slant of the table. The particles of ore which are very rich in gold settle in the ridges of the cloth. The blankets are washed regularly. Sodium cyanide which readily dissolves gold is then added to the ore which is suspended in the water. The mixture of cyanide and ore goes through a series of agitators and thickeners.

The agitators are big cylindrical tanks about twenty feet in diameter and twenty-four feet deep. There is a big stirring mechanism which takes the solution from the bottom of the tank, by bubbling air through it to the top of the tank. Thickeners are about the same size as the agitators, but they do not have the stirring mechanism. The clear cyanide solution containing the gold is run off the top of the thickeners and the

cyanide solution which remains in the sediment is removed when it is put over a wash filter. The wash filter is a big revolving drum about eight feet long and ten feet in diameter. It has canvas sides. Inside the drum a vacuum is maintained which draws the solution out of the sediment. Water is sprayed on the drum as it revolves to help wash any remaining cyanide solution out of the sediment.

The sediment is then mixed with water and pumped away as it contains no gold. To the solution of cyanide containing the dissolved gold which comes from the wash filter and the thickeners, zinc dust is added. This zinc dust precipitates the gold from the solution. The solution containing the precipitate is then put through a press filter. The press filter is a machine which has canvas envelopes about four feet by five feet hanging in it in a vertical position. The solution and the precipi-

tate forced into the canvas envelopes under pressure. Thus the precipitate is caught, and taken to a refinery, where it is put into a blast furnace with fluxes, and melted. The zinc is burned off in the furnace and the molten gold is poured into molds. The molds measure about four inches by four inches by fifteen inches. As soon as it has cooled sufficiently to be removed from the mold it is marked and weighed. Gold is weighed in troy weight, i.e., twelve ounces to the pound. A gold brick usually weighs somewhere between seventy-five and ninety pounds. The gold is sent to the mint in Ottawa in the brick form, although it still contains a few impurities such as lead, copper and silver. The process which I have just endeavoured to explain is one of the most widely used and will work successfully with ore that is worth as little as three dollars a ton.

E. JURY, 12-A.

THE PRINCIPLES OF HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE

Hydra-matic drive, is one of the more important devices which make driving easier. The credit for the perfection of this new type of transmission goes mainly to the Oldsmobile Company. It consists of a fluid driven flywheel combined with a fully automatic transmission.

The flywheel consists of two rotors, one the driving rotor which is connected to the crankshaft and rotates with the motor. The other rotor is the driven rotor and is connected to the transmission main shaft. Each rotor has small radial vanes located around its inside surface. These vanes are used in the same manner as the blades of a windmill, but instead of being driven by air the driven rotor is turned by oil forced through from the vanes of the driving rotor. To insure an adequate supply of oil the rotors are in a sealed housing into which oil is pumped under pressure from the transmission. This type of a flywheel acts as a clutch in the hydra-matic drive.

The hydra-matic transmission itself consists primarily of two sets of plan-

etary gears which are constantly in mesh. In order that the torque may be stepped up by either or both sets of gears they are placed one set behind the other. This arrangement is very effective and allows four forward speeds.

Directly inside the transmission is a centrifugal governor which automatically selects the proper gear for the certain speed or condition. Also controlling the automatic selection of gears is the throttle through a special linkage between the motor and transmission.

The actual changing from one gear to the next is accomplished by hydraulically operated pistons which in turn operate brake bands on the planetary gear sets. These hydraulic pistons also operate automatic clutches inside the planetary gear units.

When the manual selector on the steering column is placed in the "driving" range the car will begin to move forward in first gear. Under very light acceleration the transmission will automatically shift to second at approximately five miles per hour.

The heavier the acceleration, the higher the speed before the shift to second. The shift from first to second will occur anywhere between five to seventeen miles per hour according to the acceleration. The transmission will shift from second to third at about nine miles per hour under light acceleration. However, the gears will change at any speed between nine and twenty-eight miles per hour depending on the position of the accelerator. When changing from third to fourth gear, or direct drive, the shift again depends on the road conditions and position of the accelerator. The gear change may take place anywhere between eighteen miles per hour under low throttle to sixty-eight miles per hour with heavy throttle.

When slowing up, the gear reduc-

tion occurs at different speeds again depending on road conditions and position of the accelerator. The shift from fourth to third gear occurs at approximately fifteen miles per hour. If reduction in speed continues, the change between third and first is made at around two to four miles per hour. This again depends upon the conditions of the roads mainly, but partly upon the position of the accelerator.

A device like hydra-matic drive to simplify driving has long been awaited, but it was not until the latter war years that it was perfected. This year, it or a similar device, will be obtainable in most makes of cars. Hydra-matic drive, a great step towards increased driving ease and safety, is here to stay.

JIM DOUGLAS

SOMETHING ON NOTHING

A friend and I were confronted by an exceptionally beautiful girl as we strolled towards school one fine fall day. Naturally the topic under discussion changed as Dave remarked: "Wow, she's really something!"

However, after a few seconds' thought he continued with a far away look in his eye, "Yes, she certainly is something, but on the other hand, maybe she's hardly anything at all."

I shuddered, anticipating the inevitable barrage of uninteresting facts and figures. I did not have to wait long for the facts and figures, but I am still waiting to hear something dull and uninteresting about the subject of atomic structure. How versatile and imaginative can the human mind be to conceive a theory such as the nuclear theory, and in later years to have the facts proved to be correct! You ask me to quit side-tracking and get back to the girl. Well, in this day and age people are getting used to shocks such as supersonic aircraft, television and radar. So if I tell you that Dave told me that her whole one hundred and twenty pounds of well placed atoms and molecules could be imploded to a speck just discernible with a magni-

fying glass, you won't be too surprised. So you want to fight about ruining a perfectly good "femme." All right, up with your fists. Now put your clenched hands together and put them up to mine so that all four fists are as close together as possible. Quite drafty with all those wide open spaces, "n'est-ce pas?" If the lady in question could get rid of all the empty spaces between her molecules, which fit something like the four fists, she would never have to consider "Acme Reducing Tablets." On the other hand vitamin pills would be quite in order, with all the candy she could eat to regain her original size. If your head is drifting above the clouds at this time, look around and see the great void between the sun and planets of our solar system. Liken this system to an atom of our girl friend's body which has relatively smaller particles and more vacant space. Squeeze all the tiny solid electrons and protons together to form a solid lump, and look for your magnifying glass, for before your very eyes we have reduced her size from 5' 6" to a tiny speck, weighing exactly 120 pounds.

KEN HELSON 12-A.

ALUMNI

- Atchinson, Jean Business College
Austin, Laura Woolworth's
- Banks, Doreen Married
Barr, Barbara Bell Telephone
Baxter, Daisy Polymer
Bayne, Doug Pt. Huron Junior College
Beachey, Jim Polymer
Beaton, Marie Business College
Benson, Joan Married
Bentley, Marilyn Bell Telephone
Biddlecomb, Barbara
..... London Normal School
Borthwick, Joanne Bell Telephone
Boyce, Elizabeth Alma College
Bradley, Brian Western University
Brander, Shirley Bank of Toronto
Brown, Charlie U. S. Army
Brown, Ritchie Montreal
Burd, Lorraine Household Finance
Burgess, Betty
..... Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
Burgess, Bill At Home
Burgess, Joan Dow Chemical
Burr, Mary Austin Company, Ltd.
- Calcut, Violet Strathroy
Cameron, George
..... Lambton Loan & Investment Co.
Capes, Aileen Consolidated Truck Lines
Capes, Margaret
..... Niagara Finance Co., Ltd.
Capner, Karen Bell Telephone
Carr, Kay Dominion Stores
Chapman, Don
..... Canadian National Railways
Chivers, Bernice Married
Clysdale, Jackson At Home
Cohen, Melvin University of Michigan
Crich, Abbie Eaton's
Crockett, Margaret St. Pat's
Cooper, Gary Imperial Oil
Cowan, Anne University of Toronto
- Dawson, Dora St. Joseph's Hospital
Dawson, Dorothy
..... Taylor, Jamieson Law Office
Dawson, Frances
..... Havergal College, Toronto
Davison, Marion
..... Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto
Dennis, Ted University of Toronto
Densmore, Dorothy Polymer
- Dent, Betty Polymer
Dentinger, Audrey Bank of Nova Scotia
Dionne, Noreen Oakville High School
Dobroski, Helen
..... Sarnia General Hospital
Donald, Jack Polymer
Doyle, Justine Imperial Oil
Drachuk, Mary Business College
Dunn, Doreen Dr. Pearlman
Dunn, Ross University of Toronto
Durica, Annie St. Joseph's Hospital
Duschak, Joan Fiberglas
- Edgar, Joan Business College
Edgar, Mary
..... Great West Life Assurance Co.
Ellenor, Grace National Grocers
Elliott, Jean Bd. of Education Office
Elliot, John
..... Ontario Agricultural College
Elliott, Lucy Imperial Oil
Ellis, Maxine At Home
- Farris, Margaret Ferris Motors Ltd.
Ferguson, Vivian Bell Telephone
Finn, Audrey
..... Treasurer's Office, City Hall
Fleming, Iris Registry Office
Forbes, Ted Imperial Oil
Foster, Jim Queen's University
Fraser, Jean Sarnia General Hospital
- Geddes, Barbara Business College
Geddie, Shirley Toronto
George, Reola Rose's Market
Glaab, Pete Imperial Oil
Gladdy, Lee Imperial Oil
Grant, Ken Strangway's Clothes
Gray, Marguerite
..... Havergal College, Toronto
Grimes, Mitzi Business College
- Hawley, Ruth University of Toronto
Hill, Donna Walker Bros.
Hillier, Marilyn Walker Bros.
Hoad, Art Polymer
Hollingsworth, Don
..... Port Huron High School
Hopkins, Winnie Business College
Humphreys, Ruth Polymer
- Jackson, Jackie
..... Metropolitan Hospital, Windsor

Jackson, Marlene Ursline College, Chatham
 Jacques, Willis University of Toronto
 Jensen, John Red Store Paint and Wallpaper
 Johnson, Ruth Sarnia General Hospital
 Johnston, Helen Taylor, Jamieson Law Office
 Jones, June Dow Chemical
 Jones, Margaret Canadian Synthetic Rubber

 Kember, Martha London Normal School
 Kennedy, Stewart Imperial Oil
 Kilbreath, Nancy Bell Telephone
 King, Eileen At Home
 Kingdon, Frances Liggett's Drug Store
 Knutt, Joyce Manley's

 Ladanchuk, Tony Port Huron Junior College
 Laidlaw, Mitzi Polymer
 Lamont, Donald Fiberglas
 Landon, Josephine Married
 Leckie, Florence Polymer
 Leckie, Ross At Home
 LeNeve, Lorraine Dow Chemical
 Lethbridge, Marjorie Sarnia General Hospital
 Lucas, Mary Western University
 Luckins, Donna Imperial Oil
 Lumley, Margaret Agnew Surpass Shoe Store
 Lunam, Marion Bank of Montreal

 MacDougall, Betty Clothilde Hairdressing
 Macgillivray, Don Western University
 MacLean, Phyllis Alma College
 Maki, Irma Sudbury
 Marsden, Bob Sarnia Bridge
 Marshall, Katherine Austin Co., Ltd.
 Marshall, Vera Austin Co., Ltd.
 Mathers, Bill University of Toronto
 Mathieson, Margaret Business College
 McCrae, Pat Imperial Oil
 McFadden, Phyllis Bell Telephone
 McGillivray, Wray Western University
 McGirr, Helen Frank J. Whitliff Co., Insurance
 Adjustor.
 McIntyre, Douglas Polymer
 McKelvie, Jack Imperial Oil
 McLaren, Mary Edmonton
 McLellan, Marianne Mutual Life Assurance Co.
 Miller, Grace Imperial Oil
 Miller, Virginia Carruthers Clinic
 Mills, Bob Albert College, Belleville
 Morphew, Nilajean Port Huron Business College
 Movold, Tom Western University
 Muir, Rheta Bank of Toronto
 Murray, Joyce E. Fred Avery Agency
 Murray, Joyce M. Cowan, Millman and Dunlap
 Mustard, Arthur University of Toronto

 Newman, Ronald Ottawa
 Nicholson, Carl At Home

O'Neill, Marion Sears Roebuck and Co., Port Huron
 Osborne, Bill Polymer

 Pace, Ronald Business College
 Palmer, Joan Belanger Bros..
 Peffers, Colleen Business College
 Phillips, Julia Polymer
 Pickering, Alan Royal Military College, Kingston
 Pierce, Joyce Business College, London
 Plain, Henrietta Goodison Industries,
 Plain, Muriel Toronto
 Powers, Grace Dr. Wallis
 Price, Frank Belton Lumber Co.

 Quinn, Mary Kresge's

 Raczy, Viola St. Joseph's Hospital
 Ramsey, Sam Imperial Oil
 Randall, Jean London Normal School
 Richardson, Steve Port Huron Junior College
 Riddoch, John Imperial Oil
 Robley, Shirley Carruthers Clinic
 Rodd, Dolores Port Huron
 Rusinko, Ann Merchants' Credit Bureau

 Sands, Ruth Bell Telephone
 Sauder, Mavis Kitchener-Waterloo Hospital
 Sayers, Jane Mueller, Ltd.
 Scarrow, Shirley Royal Bank
 Scott, Jim Royal Military College, Kingston
 Scott, Mary Polymer
 Shaw, Dolly Detroit
 Shaw, Howard Bell Telephone
 Shaw, Leslie Albert College, Belleville
 Slater, Marion Household Finance Corporation
 Smith, Eunice Mueller Ltd.
 Smith, Gloria Fiberglas
 Smith, Sheila Sheriff's Office
 Soper, Lois Port Huron
 Southcombe, Marilyn Bell Telephone
 Spence, Bill Bell Telephone
 Stephens, Eleanor Sarnia General Hospital
 Stewart, Donna Mel's Market
 Stokes, Nancy Western University
 Stone, Frances Branksome Hall, Toronto
 Stonehouse, Leona Fiberglas
 Storey, Arthur University of Toronto

 Taylor, Bob Polymer
 Taylor, Dorothy Bank of Commerce
 Taylor, Ray Imperial Oil
 Thorner, Mary Walker's Stores
 Timpson, Betty Ann Business College
 Tremaine, Isabelle Married

 VanAlstyne, Bill Port Huron Junior College

 Waldeck, Doris Imperial Oil
 Walpole, Phyllis Business College
 Webster, Bob Imperial Oil

Wellington, Joyce
 .. Merchant's Credit Bureau
 West, Bruce
 .. Port Huron Junior College
 West, Myrtle At Home
 Whitely, Grace Mueller Ltd., Pt. Huron
 Whitfield, Jim McGill University
 Whitnell, Jack E. & R. Shoe Store
 Wicks, Maureen At Home
 Widner, Barbara Stirrett's
 Willoughby, Jean...Belton Lumber Co.

Wilson, Marguerite
 .. Jack Vollmar, Insurance Adjustor
 Winder, Jack Sarnia Bridge Co.
 Wise, Barbara Bell Telephone
 Wise, Ross Auto-Lite
 Woodrow, Jean Walker Bros.
 Wright, Jim McGill University
 Wright, Louise
 .. Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal
 Young, Elizabeth Western University



Co-ed: I want a pair of bloomers to wear around my gymnasium.
 Clerk, (absently): Certainly Miss, what size is your gymnasium?

Anatomy is the study of heavenly bodies.

Mr. Langan: When I die I should like to be cremated.
 Mrs. L.: That would be just like you — to go away and leave ashes around.

A goblet is a male turkey.

Diner: Waiter, do you serve crabs here?
 Mattingley: We serve anyone. Sit down!

Her father is a very well-to-do Southern Planter — he's an undertaker.

Nit: Do you work in the shirt factory?
 Wit: Yes.
 Nit: Why aren't you today?
 Wit: We only make night shirts.

What do you mean I have baby hands?
 They're just beginning to creep.

P. Soper: Hey, Daggy, when did you first begin to like girls?
 Ron: The minute I discovered they weren't boys.



1948 GRADUATES

Back Row: J. Wright, J. Foster, R. Dunn, J. Whitfield, J. Scott, D. Macgillivray, J. Donald, T. Movoult, D. Bayne; Sixth row: B. Murray, B. Marsden, R. Leckie, E. Clarke, A. Teasell, D. Culley, J. Winder; Fifth row: L. Shaw, J. Clark, R. Wise, B. Webster, D. Ross, D. Black, S. Richardson; Fourth row: J. Jackson, G. Smith, M. O'Neill, J. Wellington, S. Robley, E. Young, H. Dobroski, M. Lethbridge, B. Biddlecomb, J. Randall, R. Sands; Third row: D. Dawson, J. Benson, D. Banks, J. Phillips, B. Gray, L. Elliott, J. Murray, H. Johnson, A. Cowan, M. Wilson, L. LeNeve; Second row: D. Nisbet, V. Marshall, G. Powers, A. Finn, M. Burr, L. Burr, M. Southcombe, S. Scarrow, S. Smith, K. Marshall; First row: N. Stokes, D. Taylor, J. E. Murray, J. Elliott, D. Dunn, A. Capes, J. Sayres, V. Racz, M. Haddon, M. Scott, D. Luckins.



SEA SONG

The swelling Bay of Fundy's tide,
 Bearing schooners' exultant pride
 Over the depths, two oceans wide,
 In a wild song,
 A free song,
 A sea song.

Emerald seas with whipped foam trace
 Hidden shoals; waves mount apace;
 Insensate wood and tide-wind race
 In a wind song,
 A wild song,
 A sea song.

The shrieking wind drives waves to thunder,
 As the strong hull rips and splits asunder;
 Down goes the ship, the men, sea-plunder,
 In a mad song,
 A sad song,
 A sea song.

Old sailors tell of the rough sea-play
 As they soak their dry bones in the sun o' day
 But the green salt sea their blood held sway
 To the ship's song,
 The sky's song,
 The sea song.

LORRAINE LAMBERT 10.

GREENMANTLE

In World War One, England proposed,
A mission to Asia, midst winter snows,
To end a mystery long unsolved,
Around which Germany's safety revolved.

Three gallant men on this mission began
Englishman, Scot and American.
Each man a different route he had
And every one was equally bad.

The Englishman through Germany went
Disguised as a Dutchman on purpose hell-bent
To get his revenge on England fair
By fighting for the Nazis to make it square.

The American also through Germany passed,
While Scotsman alone went by ocean fast.
Pledged to meet if they were alive,
At a murderer's den, a Turkish dive.

By uncommon great luck and skill, these men
Managed to meet in the murderer's den.
From there they were dragged in the midst of night
To learn of the plan for their future flight.

Toward the battlefield these gallant men fled,
In view of reaching the Russians ahead.
Sandy, poor lad, remained behind,
To pose as Greenmantle for he had died.

They a secret secured of the German defence
And sent it to Russia across the fence.
Through mountain pass the Cossacks rode
The fall of Germany they forbode.

All the persons behind the plot
Were dead and buried in an unmarked lot.
England's safety in the East was assured,
The Three Musketeers their peace they secured.

R. A. NAYLOR 10-2-B.

THE QUESTION

How can I pop the question?
 How to plan my defence
 I rack my brain with thinking—
 Just how to commence.

Should I get down on bended knee
 As in the days of yore?
 Should I confess my many sins
 And say there won't be more?

And if my wishes are denied
 Should I my claim refire?
 Or in cold and quiet dignity
 Solemnly retire?

I start at every sudden noise,
 There is moisture on my brow.
 Framing the phrases in my mind,
 I know the time is NOW!

The lights are low, the music soft,
 The setting is just right.
 All caution gone, I headlong plunge—
 "Dad, can I have the car tonight?"

EMMALENE YOUNG 12-B.

THE LITTLE ROOM DOWN THE HALL

There's a little room just down the hall,
 314 Physics known by all.
 Each day, about two, just after noon
 The 12-A students trip in to their doom.

Now Mr. Dennis is our Prof.,
 But to all of 12-A he's known as Pop.
 He hands out problems by the ton,
 No one ever gets them done.

We start each period with a bang,
 But in the middle Pop let's us hang
 As he discusses heat and fusion,
 Dithers! We're in such confusion.

Sit and sweat and rack our brain
 And ending we have naught to gain,
 Doth make a little 12-A wonder
 How he ever got into such a blunder.

To break the tenseness of the class
 Dawn Marie, she's quite a lass,
 Will start a corny joke permeating.
 Till everyone's wax is overheating.

And so the clock turns towards two-thirty,
 Feeling we have done our duty
 Through the little room just down the hall,
 12-A passes one and all.

ESTHER SKOSOV 12-A.

THE POOR MAN AND DEATH

A poor man sat by the road and cried:
Why have I lived? I would I had died,
My child is at home, sick in her bed,
Pity her now her poor mother's dead,
My son has gone and left us to die,
O why should we live on, why? why? why?
Our hut is broken and dirty and bare.
Nights we are cold because of the air
No money to buy precious coals for the fire,
Resulting in renting myself out for hire,
Daily I carry faggots for labour,
O take me from this life, O Destroyer!
The poor old man cast his load on the ground,
Behold! Death himself appeared with a bound,
You have called on me, what is your wish?
An enemy's death? A dainty dish!
Trembling and shaking and stuttering with just fright,
The poor man blubbered: I just wondered if you might—
Put upon my back
My heavy faggot pack!

PETER BANKS 12-A.

HOME OF THE NORTH

I've wandered in her prairies,
Beneath the morning dawn;
And roamed through her great forests,
Where plays the lonely fawn;
I've breathed the coolness of her waters,
Upon the district shores;
And watched the dying rays of sunset,
Fall, as in days of yore.

I've walked in her great snowlands,
Everything pure and white;
And ran in her emerald valleys,
Like a fairy in the night;
I've felt the freshness of her rain drops,
Awakening the sleeping year;
And heard the undaunting song of courage,
Destroying the burden of fear.

Oh grant me always my Northern home,
Its fame shall never fade away;
Where every lip speaks of freedom and hope,
Maintained through many afay;
Where every star from the heavens above
Looks down on the pride of the north,
Like an angel keeping watch over peace and love,
Around my home of the north.

BARBARA BROCK 12-B.

POEM TO A FRESHIE

You've done your hair and had your shower,
You've dressed with care for this zero hour,
You brood and worry as you wait,
And wish you hadn't made the date.

Can he afford to take you out?
What will you find to talk about?
Where will you eventually land up?
Do you think he could be standing you up?

Your hands are cold, your head is hot,
Your feet are rooted to the spot,
Take comfort chum, these words are true,
Your hero's more afraid than you.

ESTHER SKOSOV 12-A

REWARD

He walked up to the pearly gates
His face was charred and old
He stood before the man of fate
For admission to the fold
"What have you done?" Saint Peter said,
"To gain admission here."
"I've been a teacher at S. C. I. sir,
For many and many a year."
The pearly gates swung open wide
Saint Peter touched the bell
"Come in," said he, "and choose your harp,
You've sure had your share of 310!"

R. TUTTLE, 12-A.

WEATHER IN SARNIA

You start in the morning without even a cloak
In sunshine so bright that colds seem a joke:
By noon you'll probably shiver and sneeze
And by night 'twill thunder or possibly freeze.
To whate'er in a weatherman's way
May occur, wise it would be to join me and say—

"Come, fetch my coat, my umbrella unfurl,
The mist's on the river, hair out of curl,
My skirt will be messed and damp as can be,
And it's woe for the fate of kerchief and me."

MARGARET HUGGETT 12-B.

THOUGHTS

One night as I did lie on my bed,
I thought of a good many things—
I thought of life, I thought of death,
Yes, I thought of those — those who were dead.

If life were a thing that money could buy
The rich would live, the poor would die
But God in his mercy hath altered it so,
The rich and the poor may equally go.

The poor think that their lot is not good.
The rich think, of themselves alike.
Only God knows the rich are wrong.
The poor man's plight is right understood.

If life were a thing that money could buy
The rich would live, the poor would die
But God in his mercy hath altered it so,
The rich and the poor may equally go.

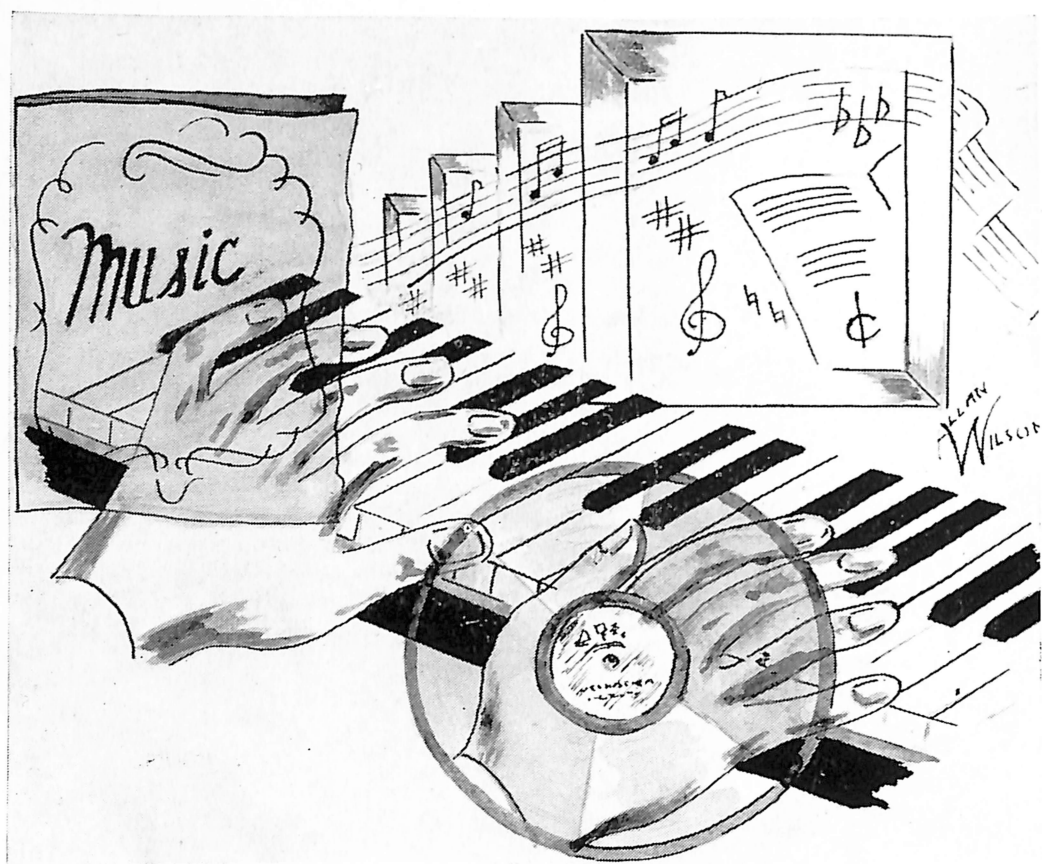
PETER BANKS, 12-A.

BASKETBALL

He said: The crowd is cheering now,
As their brave heroes take the floor.
The ball goes up, the game is on;
The ball goes in, the crowd yells, More!
Again the hometown has the lead;
Now the invaders press and score,
The score is tied: a whistle blows,
A foul! A horn! the game is o'er.
Alone stands the fouled amid the din,
He sinks his shot: the enemy win.

TOM McCANN 12-B.

Mr. McGregor: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man
can answer.
Harkins: No wonder I failed in my exam.



EILEEN FARRELL

NONIE STRATFORD 13-B.

Youth, wit and a natural Irish beauty add to the charm of Eileen Farrell's tremendous musical talent. Soon after her radio debut in 1942, she rocketed to fame, enchanting radio audiences from coast to coast and pole to pole.

Born in New Hampshire, of two professional singing stars, she soon found her every day routine filled with music.

Miss Farrell's wit and good humour knew no bounds. Her joviality radiates a warm friendliness. Endowed with a dynamic personality as well as an amazing voice, she has captured the hearts of millions.

Many S. C. I. and T. S. students were privileged to hear her sing at the Community Concert in our school auditorium on December 10th.

The greater part of Miss Farrell's programme was comparatively unfamiliar, which did not however, detract from its beauty. Perhaps the most outstanding quality of Miss Farrell's voice is her superb range of notes.

Her programme consisted of selections from "Handel, Richard Wagner, Grieg's "Eros," the beautiful "La Farza del Destino" by Verdi, and others equally as lovely. Her true Irish beauty and smiling Irish eyes were revealed delightfully when she sang a song for dear old Ireland, "The Kerry Dance."

Miss Farrell's graciousness, friendliness, and dancing black eyes make any one interviewing her completely at ease. To your reporter she was truly a charming and delightful woman!

CHINESE MUSIC

MARIAN PASSMORE 10-7.

Chinese music is, I think, a subject relatively unknown to most of us. The instruments, scales and kinds of music are so very different from our music that we scarcely realize just what they are like.

Music is universal in China. A noted cellist who travelled in China tells us of the manner in which she mastered the Chinese violin. Wishing to be instructed in this art, she asked the house-boy whom she might get for a teacher. "Oh, anyone can teach you that," he said, and as evidence next day, produced a ragged coolie. Although he was uneducated, he played his instrument splendidly. He taught the cellist how to play it, and after a little experimenting, played his own tunes on her cello.

The instruments, though they all bear some relation to our own, are quite strange. One of the earliest is called by the poets "The Engaging Jades." This instrument consists of a number of jade stones strung on a frame, which are struck with a mallet to produce sound. Another is the "Sheng," a bundle of sixteen short reeds, on which ritual tunes are played, and which is the ancestor to our modern reed organ. The Chinese are fond of horns and drums. The violin is very different from ours, and is held in the lap to be played. The "Ch'in," counterpart of our flute, is made of bamboo transversely. Other instruments are bells, the clay ocarina and castanets.

Most beautiful are the haunting religious chants and bitter-sweet melodies sung by the hillsmen and boatmen as they labour. These tunes have not the high weird qualities of

the opera music, but are simple and emotional. Coolies sing at their work, led by their foreman who composes the verses of the song as the coolies sing their chorus. A good leader is often noted for the originality of his songs, tending to keep men working industriously. Boatmen sing in the same way, pulling their oars in time to their song. This rhythmic singing is a tradition among the labourers.

The Chinese have a grand opera, called "Quinsan." It differs from ours in the fact that tragedy is interpreted by quick, high, almost gay music, and happiness by slow heavy strains. The explanation is that when a Chinese person is happy, his thoughts are slow and quiet, and when excited, his voice is high and quick.

A new kind of music, the mass chorus, was introduced during the war by a Christian student who saw on the cover of an American songbook "Singing Unites the People." This motion became so successful that Chiang Kai Chek heard of it and called the student to teach this to the men at the front. Western harmony has been introduced, but in all cases the minor quality of the Chinese song has been preserved.

The cause of most of this radial difference from our music is the Chinese scale. The five basic notes are picturesquely called F . . . the Emperor; G . . . the Prime Minister; A . . . the Loyal Subjects; C . . . the Affairs of State; and D . . . the Mirror of the World.

Today the scale consists of eighty-four steps, showing a range of tone unknown to the Western world and accounting for some of the most weird and beautiful music known.

Mr. Payne: Why are you so sure this public drinking cup is sanitary?
Ross Smith: Well, it must be safe—everybody uses it.

STAN KENTON

GEORGE LANGMYHR. 12-C.

One of the most spectacular and controversial figures in the modern jazz field is that gifted young artist Stan Kenton, whose music has electrified millions with its freshness and vitality. Although his band was seven years old in the summer of 1948, the sparkling arrangements and distinctive musicianship with which he is so closely associated are many years older.

For Stan Kenton, music always has been everything and always will be. As far back as 1921, when he was just nine years old, he began to study trumpet, saxophone and piano. By the time he was twelve, he forgot baseball, algebra and high-school romances. Music was everything, for it was during this period that Stan first sensed, tasted and enjoyed jazz. When he was sixteen years old, he had studied every available book on arranging for dance bands and had even sold his first modern arrangement. He could count on both hands and one size fourteen foot the number of professional orchestras he had performed with.

In the middle 1930's he played Steinways in saloons and bistros throughout Southern California. By 1939, he knew that he was destined to become a maestro. He wheedled jobs everywhere, and between thumping the ivories and cleffing arrangements, he formed his unorthodox plans for a band. He even declined joining any name bands, but instead he kept piling up his scores. He was also selecting certain Hollywood musicians with whom he enjoyed playing to serve as the nucleus of his now famous organization.

At last in 1941, Stan took the big leap, with a library of untried and unplayed tunes and a group of tal-

ented artists. As he himself describes it, "It was like going off a high diving board." From a tiny Balboa Beach ballroom he jumped to the Palladium, then to the Meadowbrook, the Hotel Sherman, the Paramount theatre, and, as a climax the Hotel Pennsylvania's prized Cafe Rouge. After a long run on Bob Hope's NBC program and a general strengthening of the vocal and instrumental staffs, his band swept into the big time.

Because of his vivid imagination and peculiar concepts, many men find it difficult to play for a leader who requires such perfection and performance in his aggregation. To quote Shelly Manne, a top-flight drummer who just recently returned to the Kenton fold, "Playing for Kenton is like chopping wood." Kenton himself has a superb piano style reminiscent of that of the great Earl Hines, and drives himself as hard as any of his sidemen.

In December, Stan decided to take a vacation from the frantic one-night stands, giving as his reason the fact that the dance crowds were unable to understand the concert jazz he was playing. He had planned, instead, to open an organization of class spots where good jazz would be featured. Although this plan received a hearty endorsement from everyone, Stan startled many by then dissolving his band and so leading everyone to believe his dream had failed. The question now is whether or not the Kenton music will be heard again. Stan is undecided, but as he prepares to return to school to take up psychiatry, he is inclined to turn over his library of arrangements to Pete Rugolo, his arranger. With this decision made, Kenton will stroll across his school's campus in search of new and happy fields to conquer.

THE S. C. I. AND T. S. ORCHESTRA

HUGH HELLIWELL 13-A.

Our school orchestra, which has served us for many years, has a very interesting and colourful background.

It was first formed in February 1921 in the London Road School under the direction of Mr. Wilbert Carter. Very soon afterwards it was taken over by our present director, Mr. Brush, under whose competent leadership it has brought fame to the S.C.I. for the past twenty-seven years. On the opening night of the present S.C.I., October 27, 1922, the orchestra consisted of four violins, one mandolin, two cornets, one clarinet and a piano.

The orchestra has at times struggled for survival, as when, during the war, a great percentage of its membership was serving our country. In 1926 there were but ten members, while in 1936, which was the most successful year in school history, the ranks were swelled to 28 members. It was in this year that both the band and the orchestra journeyed to Stratford and captured first and second places, in the music festival. Pianist for the orchestra in 1926 was Atwood Kennedy, who, without doubt, was

the most competent and the most accomplished this school has ever seen. He died very suddenly in 1928, and in remembrance, the students erected the plaque which may now be seen in the corridor just outside the assembly hall.

In 1936 three members of our orchestra received the honour of being chosen with students from all over the Province, to play in the Ontario Secondary School, Symphony Orchestra, in which there were one hundred members.

The orchestra has been a consistent winner of the Wilson cup, now displayed in the trophy case, for obtaining a standing of seventy-five percent or over in the Lambton Musical Festival.

Every day, with very few exceptions for the past twenty-nine years, the orchestra has added much to the morning assembly exercises with its rousing marches and, occasionally, a special musical selection. One person and only one person has made all this possible—our conductor, Mr. Brush, who through his devoted and untiring efforts has raised the orchestra to its present high standard.

Wynn: I've just started writing a book.

Betty: Did you use a *nom de plume*?

Wynn: No, I used a typewriter.

We hope the students appreciate the great musician they have in Allan Wilson. He eats, sleeps and drinks music; some day he may be able to read it.



THE BAND

Back row, left to right: Ron Leckie, Brian Noble, Don Eyre, Jim Savage, Ron Page, Ernest Gray. Centre row, left to right: Grant Barnes, Emmerson Armstrong, Ken. Eyre, Leslie Belrose, Carlton Sole, Alan Gravell. Front row, Fred Pearson, Stewart Shanks, Hugh Helliwell, Glen Sharpe, Allan Wilson, Alan Stocks. Absent Mr. Brush, (band and orchestra instructor).

CINDERELLA IN S. C I.

SERENA FAIR, 10-11.

A number of art students of S.C.I. & T.S. staged Cinderella as a marionette play. The puppets were made and dressed by the art students of grade 10 and 11 of last year and presented by Grade 9 and 10 of this year.

An audience of several hundred youthful Sarnians enjoyed the play thoroughly. All proceeds went to the ARENA fund.

Acting as operators were: Dolores Vanderburg, Pearl Ireland, Marlene

Henderson, Marilyn Leckie, Donalda Dagg, Margaret Osborne, Ann Muir, Joan Harrison, Daintry McPhedran, Joan Scarrow, Thelma Shaw.

Voices were provided by Darlene Fralick, Jane McDonald, Barbara Maitland, Daulphine Riddell, Nancy Willock, Jean Pruliere, Theresa McArthur, Eleanor Cornell.

Helen Humphries was pianist, while lighting and sound effects were directed by Howard Taylor and Carleton Sole. The play was under supervision of Mrs. H. Tait, Miss V. Duke and Miss J. McLachlin.



COMMENCEMENT

The date is December 27: The occasion is the Annual Commencement at the S. C. I. & T. S. It's the day when honour is paid to those students who have worked hard and played well.

Starting promptly at eight o'clock the graduating classes paraded into the familiar assembly hall. Following them were the students who were to receive honour certificates. This impressive entrance and the seating of the honoured guests on the platform was accompanied by the playing of the Festive March by Mr. Brush and the School Orchestra.

In his opening remarks, Mr. Johnston, acting-principal, mentioned the tragedy that had struck our school early in September. The sincere words of Mr. Sinclair's telegram, read by Mr. Johnston, helped to lighten the sombre effect of his absence on this otherwise happy occasion.

Mr. F. H. Walker, vice-chairman of the Board of Education, spoke on behalf of the Board and awarded the honour certificates after Mr. Rogers had made his address to them. After this portion of the program, the Orchestra entertained everyone

with their skilful performance of the "Fair Maid of Perth."

The presentation of the Graduation Diplomas brought into the spotlight the students who had gained the admiration and respect of the school by their work in classes and clubs and participation in the sports.

Featured next on the program were the girls of the Glee Club, singing two numbers, with Mr. Sperling directing. Their three-part singing made for pleasant listening.

Following the Scholarship presentations, a first year student and a member of the school orchestra, Benjamin Timperley, enchanted the audience with his interpretation of "Czarda" on the violin, to the piano accompaniment of Leslie Belrose, another first year student.

Elizabeth Young was the Valedictorian for the class of '48. She reviewed in a capable and interesting way the highlights of their High School days and impressed in them their responsibilities of the future. Finally she performed the traditional rite of lighting the candle of a worthy, first-year student.



LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

Top row: Aeriele Bissonnette, Dorothy Saunders, P. Vanderperk: Bottom row: Gwen Smith, M. Harper, M. Passmore, Joan Bund. Absent: Maxine Corey, Lorraine Lambert and Donna Brandon.

TEA DANCE

After our Blue Bombers had gained a victory over the St. Thomas team on November 15, they invited the visitors to a tasty treat at our school, served by a group of generous girls in the west corridor of the first floor. The rest of the students remained in the boys' gym dancing to popular records. When Don Mattingley and others of the team come into the gym later looking as if they had just finished a big feast, we thought that the

tables must be bare. Then an announcement was made that there were plenty of cakes and sandwiches still to be eaten.

The boys of St. Thomas seemed too shy to dance much, but managed to fill the corners nicely. Those who were dancing enjoyed themselves, while others looked on and made conversation, and if that did not please all, there was still chocolate cake to eat with cokes. What more could anyone want?

AT HOME

This year the At Home was held on the same evening as the Commencement Exercises, and as a result there was a larger number attending the dance.

At the entrance to the boys' gym each couple received a dance programme and proceeded into a gym which was appropriately decorated with blue and white streamers mak-

ing a false ceiling. Along the walls there were arranged large cardboard reproductions of our school crest bearing timely slogans for the '48 graduates. At the far end, the bandstand was dimly lighted and also decorated with streamers and ever-green branches sprayed with silver.

Providing the music for this long awaited event in honour of the graduates and their friends, was Jack Kennedy and his orchestra. In a romantic atmosphere of dim lights, soft music and elegant finery the couples gracefully danced to the rhythms of many, ever-popular favourites together with some of the current hits.

Patrons and patronesses for the dance were Mrs. A. W. Mills, Mr.

and Mrs. J. Earl Johnston, Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Coles, Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Huggett, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. H. Grant MacKinlay.

Twelve o'clock, intermission time, found everyone making a path to refreshments in Room 103. Returning to the dance, the couples were pleased to take part in the Grand March led by Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Coles. The dance continued far into the night, yet ended too soon for many.

Many thanks are due to the committee of the Students' Council, headed by Don Eyre, Marcia Bowers, Mavis Ambler and Doug. McLean, for giving the graduates such a pleasant last memory of their school.

JEAN JAMBOREE

With the happy prospect of the Christmas holidays shining in the near future the students of S. C. I. & T. S. were given a further treat by having an extra special Comtecoll. A demonstration in assembly made it clear to everyone that this was to be strictly corn-cobbled style.

Wearing jeans and flashy shirts or sweaters, boys and girls entered a gym decorated with corn stalks in all the corners. These, and the pictures of the dancing cow and farmer boy and girl, made everyone feel right at home and put them in a

mood to join in the foolishness. If you noticed the basketball nets, those were cotton hens sitting there.

The demonstration of the square dances by a few couples was enthusiastically received and eagerly copied. How long did your balloon last? Did one of your dear friends stick a pin in it during the Balloon dance? And that Shoe dance! Girls, did you ever get your own saddle shoe back? Boys, how did your selection pay off? The broom dance, too, was fun if you were quick at passing the broom. Altogether it was one of the most enjoyable dances in a long time.

SWEATER-HOP

To start the new year on the right foot, the school had a glamourized Comtecoll, to give everyone a chance to display the new sweater he got at Christmas.

It was to be just a dance, but on some good advice the ping pong tables and other equipment were placed in the halls, and they were fully occupied during the evening. Around nine o'clock the dance floor began to be filled and the crowd increased rapidly from then on.

The square dancing and reels were

again very popular. In fact some of the dancers became so lively that in whirling their partners around they caused them to land on the floor or in some far corner. The boys liked this dancing so well that they formed a group of their own. The girls had a chance either to ask the boys for a dance or to join in the Paul Jones to find a partner. There was a special treat (for those who could hear him) supplied by Jim O'Reilly in his "Danny Boy." We would all like to have more of these novelties at future functions.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Back row, left to right: Elaine Dunbar, Jean Knight, Mary Gunn, Gwen Smith, Dorothy Clarke, Betty Lou Clarke, Marie Wise, Joan Banks, Shirley Marshall, Marilyn Jones, Carol VanAlstyne, Joyce Ambler, Jerry Phillips. Middle row, left to right: Unamae Battle, Blanch Purves, Lillian Paul, Marion Calcott, Donna Jean High, Thelma Shaw, Lois Montgomery, Roma Beroth, Jackie McKay, Delores Vanderburg, Audrey Hannah, Marion McNally, Patsy Kelly. Front row, left to right: Jean Robb, Shirley Thibodeau, Frances Wright, Joan Scarrow, Ann Muir, Margaret Osborne, Maidie Slatterie, Joyce Thompson, Darlene Fralick, Gwyn Cordey, June Garrison, Joan Nicholson.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB OF 1949.

This year again we have a girls' Glee Club, which practises on Monday nights at seven o'clock under the direction of Mr. Sperling. They practice for about an hour each night, singing in three parts. At the first of the year, they sang at Hanna Memorial School for a large group of ladies. They also made a broadcast in Education Week over CHOK, and are hoping to make several more.

They are looking forward to travelling over to Port Huron to sing with several choirs in that vicinity. They will also be taking part in the Annual May Music Festival here in Sarnia.

At the first of the year, they had a total enrolment of 120, but some dropped out, leaving a total of 108 and an average attendance of about 50 to 60 a week.

INTER-SCHOOL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

This group meets every Wednesday in room 204 at twelve o'clock. The meeting consists of special speeches, Bible study and discussions. A short prayer meeting is held every day, except Wednesday, in Room 212 at noon.

The Field Marshal for the Inter-school Christian Fellowship, Joe Currie, spoke to the students in Assembly last November. Miss McCreddie, Joe's helper, gave an interesting talk

at the Christmas Party held in the basement of the Temple Baptist Church. Many of the members attended the Forum Fellowship which was held at the University of Western Ontario in London.

The executive for this year is: President: Shirley Mundy; Vice-president, Jean Hillier; Secretary, Jean Jarvis; Treasurer, Eloise Abra; Publicity Manager, Georgina Scott. Mrs. Art Stephenson is the group's sponsor.



STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Top row, left to right: D. Johnston, C. Glaab, D. Kent, B. McGeachy, Marilyn Jones, Don Eyre, Bob Day, Mr. Langan, D. McLean, R. Cunningham. Bottom row: M. Trotter, D. Wiles, June Garrison, M. Bowers, June Maness, Donna White, M. Huggett, M. Ambler, Eunice Burr, D. Fralick, J. Kreiter.

THE CHESS CLUB

The Chess Club meets every Wednesday at 3.45 in Room 311 under the direction of Mr. Marcy. There are fewer members this year than in former years owing to the hesitation of new students in joining. You may enter the club at any time and there are no obligations but to have a good time. The members this year have succeeded in doing just that accord-

ing to the janitor who has to force them out at 5.30 each week.

The elimination and ladder tournaments are just beginning for 1949. Ruth Johnson, the winner in 1947 repeated her win in 1948 and had her name engraved a second time on the cup. Come out and see if you can't have your name put on it this year, or at least make a good start for next year.

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The Students' Council was reorganized as usual at the beginning of the school term. An election held in the Senior Assembly proclaimed Bert Baldwin, president and Don Eyre, vice-president. Doreen Wiles and June Maness were appointed secretary and treasurer respectively.

The various conveners of the committees are:

| | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| Comtecoll | Margaret Trotter |
| Christmas Cards | Marcia Bowers |
| Publicity | Dave Johnston |
| At-Home | Don Eyre |
| Novelties | Doug MacLean |
| Attendance | Dave Kent |
| Scholarship | June Goldsmith |
| Social | Margaret Huggett |
| Transportation | Bob Day |

The Students' Council arranges the numerous Comtecolls held throughout the year, and puts senior students in charge of them. The Annual Commencement and At-Home were very successfully handled by several committees of the Council. They have also taken on the selling of second-hand books with the generous help of Miss MacDonald. One outstanding feature of the year in the programme of the Council is the awarding of \$50 each to the best all-round boy and girl in the school.

The aim of the Students' Council is to train students to assume responsibilities by having them make decisions on the problems presented to them by fellow students.



SO-ED EXECUTIVE

Top row, left to right: K. Somerton, L. Carter, G. Shepherd, A. Campbell, J. Teasell, O. Acton, R. Williams. Bottom row: left to right: Betty Parker, Kathryn Pringle, Mary Armstrong, Marie Nesbit, Dorothy Richardson, Jackie Brownlee.

SCITS REVIEW

The So-Ed put on their annual show for the students and their friends on February 11 and 12, and as in the preceding years it went over with flying colours.

Yes, it was talent night for the school with a handsome boys chorus that greeted everyone with "Hi Neighbour," and the smart prancing of the girls chorus line in their eye-catching red numbers. These two choruses have become a regular feature of the annual shows.

Two song birds, Ilene MacIntyre and Dolores Vanderburg, serenaded their heart throbs with "Until" and "My Darling." Velda Reeves, asked "What Did I Do?" in a provocative way. The tempting rhythm of "Si-boney" was artistically handled on the trumpet by Randel Williams. Maybe there is a band in his future. Speaking of fine music, who will

ever forget the classic "Oche Chorina (Dark Eyes), as it was presented by those three mad Russians from the Volga. "The Serenade of the Toms" was a perfect imitation of a pair of old tom cats in a back yard. The per-r-ring was a masterpiece. Par-son Harris and Bride Soper, with her train kept the audience in one big uproar from beginning to end. Wasn't the flower-girl cute!

The playing of Claire de Lune by Harris Sharen and Meditation by Ben Timperley was like having a seat in a concert hall.

There were many fine performances in this colourful and gay show and with the singing of "Cuanta le Gusta" by the entire cast, a fine show ended.

Over a hundred students worked together for weeks on the production of this show and their efforts were well rewarded by a full house on both evenings.

FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

On October 22nd, the halls of our school became salons for displaying new and fantastic models in millinery. The "Greenhorns" were actually supposed to be decked out in "wee baby bonnet creations" that their motherly seniors had cooked up.

That morning it looked as if the girls were victims of their seniors' nightmares. Nature in the spring could not display a greater variety of colours than our proud and smiling freshies did. They seemed virtually to be bursting into bloom with anything from a bunch of onions or a planted twig, to a stove pipe or a lampshade. Baby bonnets were rare, but extremely becoming to those who wore them.

Still wearing these "trade marks,"

the freshies came to the school that evening for the judging of the hats and the enjoyment of some games. It was a difficult choice to make, but the judges decided that Bernice Garrison had the best bonnet. The designer, Pauline Armstrong, was given credit for her nice work. Delicious cake and chocolate milk were served to a very hungry gathering. Usually the solemn school pledge is introduced at this point in the program, but was omitted this time. The traditional Naas March was begun but was soon given up because of the lack of space.

Although this initiation had novelty for us seniors it lacked the thrills and spirit of former thorough and memorable initiations.

To keep milk from turning sour you should keep it in the cow.

M. Wilson: I would like to get some alligator shoes.
Sales Clerk: What size does your alligator wear?

J. Dennis: I got a '40 Ford.
Jim D.: I got a rolls can hardly.
J. Dennis: What do you mean?
Jim D.: It rolls down one hill and can hardly get up the next hill.

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IN BAKING
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OVEN'S BAKERY

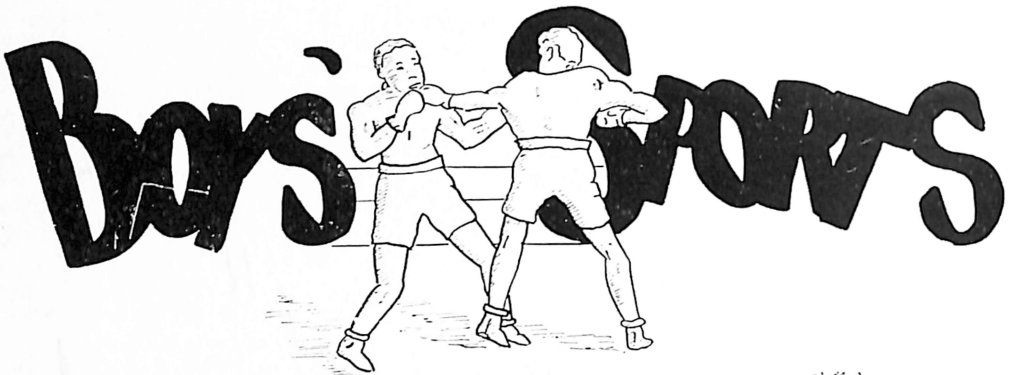
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Sarnia



SENIOR WOSSA RUGBY

Backs—Don Perry, Bob Smith, Doug Culley, George Smola, Tom Harris, Chuck Glaab, Pep Thomas, Ron Dagg, Jack Smith, Tom Handy, Les Newman, Jerry Miller.

Line — Don Mattingley, Jim Walker, Ross Smith, Ian Bell, Alf Savage, Paul Soper, Randall Williams, Bill VanHoogenhuize, Don Spradbrow, Bob White, Bill Griffiths, Al McLean, Allison Campbell, Ron Farr, Al Ferguson, Al Skelton.

Coaches — Len Newell, Mike Clawson, (backfield); Cuffy Parsons, (line).

Again Windsor Assumption proved the stumbling block on the way to the Purple Bowl. Again the Blue Bombers lost the season's opener and the final game to Assumption. Again the Black and Blue were excellently coached by the three coaches.

The season's record was identical with last year's six wins and four defeats. This record, however, includes a win and a loss by the second string players to a strong Wossa B team from Wallaceburg High. Outside of the Wossa schedule they defeated the Point Edward Juniors, Eastern Canadian finalists. The Collegiate and Technical School team scored 124 points against 102.

Don Perry, the sparkplug and captain of the team was selected to the second All-Ontario high school team by the paper, the "Canadian High News." A great honour for a great guy!

Assumption 18, S. C. I. & T. S. 6 - Sept. 24.

Assumption paced by Gino Fracas outran and outpassed a determined Collegiate team by the score of 18 to 6.

Assumption opened the scoring with McGuire scoring in the first period with Fracas converting. The Blue Bombers led by Don Perry and Chuck Glaab came back in the second quarter, as Don scored, and Tom "The Toe" Harris converted. The third quarter was all Assumption. Brisson and Fracas scored touchdowns, and the latter converted both. There was no further scoring.

Port Huron 24, S. C. I. & T. S. 0 - Oct. 1.

It was all Port Huron before some 4500 fans in Port Huron's new Memorial Stadium. Port Huron easily defeated the Blue Bombers 24-0. The Port Huron attack was led by Thomas Whittaker, Seely, and Wills.

Don Perry and Don Mattingley stood out in their losing cause.

The first and American half featured Thomas' two touchdowns. In the Canadian half Seely and Washington scored one each. Jacobson kicked a convert in each half. Allison Campbell, Ian Bell, and Chuck Glaab started the injury list rising for Sarnia.

S. C. I. & T. S. 4, Point Edward 3 - Oct. 8.

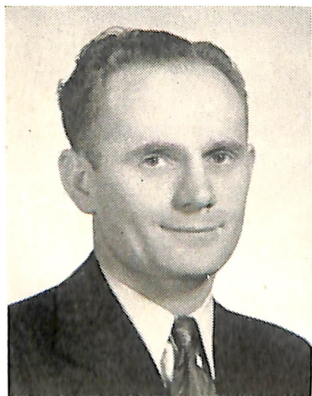
Before a small crowd the Collegiate team won the Salad Bowl as they conquered the "village" team 4-3. The margin of difference over the O. R.



CHEER LEADERS

Back row: Paul Mellon, John Teasell, Dick Chate, Ed. Clarke, Dick Acton.
Second row: Betty Parker, June Collison, Maxine Fraser, Helen McKinley; Front row: Shirley Strangway, Carol McIntyre, Dorothy Richardson.

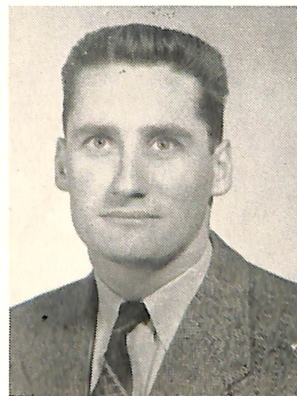
COACHES



W. WOOD
Soccer



R. LATREMOUILLE
Basketball



L. G. NEWELL
Rugby



BLUE BOMBERS — WOSSI SEMI-FINALISTS

Top: Al. McLean, Bob White, Al Skelton, Don Eyre, (Manager); George Smola, Ron Farr, Less Newman, Tom Harris. Centre: Bill Griffiths, Jim Walker, Bill Thomas, Randy Williams, Chuck Glaab, Jack Smith, Ron Dagg, Don Perry D. Mattingley, Bob Smith. Front: A. Campbell, Al Ferguson, Doug Culley, Al Savage, B. VanHoogenhuize, Bob Handy, J. G. Miller.

F. U. Junior champions was a kick by Tom Harris.

The Blue Bombers controlled the play, although they had to come from behind as Fred Free kicked a field goal for the Point. Then Harris took over kicking a 25 yd. field goal from a different angle and then as the second half opened, kicking a quick single for the victory.

S. C. I. & T. S. 13, St. Thomas 6 — Oct. 15.

After St. Thomas Collegiate took an early 6-0 lead, the Blue Bombers bounced back to win a 13-6 decision before a small crowd in St. Thomas.

The Bears scored on two passes early in the game—Brunette scored and Gilbert converted. The Blue Bombers outplayed St. Thomas but only managed to score two singles, one by Chuck Glaab, the other by Harris. Then in the last period Perry scored after Glaab had helped set up the touchdown. Then Glaab intercepted a pass and went 50 yards to score. Harris ended the scoring with his convert.

Wallaceburg 12, S. C. I. & T. S. 5 — Oct. 20.

To give the substitutes some much needed practice this game was play-

ed with Wallaceburg High School. However the "Burg" team led by "Big Train" Duchene scored two converted touchdowns. Pep Thomas scored the lone Sarnia touchdown.

S. C. I. & T. S. 31, St. Thomas 5—Oct. 22.

Swamping the St. Thomas Collegiate team 31-5 the Blue Bombers won the Wossa group title by a score of 44-11 on the round.

Harris started the scoring off on a single and then converted Paul Soper's touchdown which came on a pass from Bob Smith. Chuck Glaab ran 40 yards with an intercepted pass, and again "The Toe" converted. In the second half George Smola plunged over. After Perry had gone 20 yards Glaab went 35 around end for another major which the latter converted. A safety and a touchdown by Jack Smith ended the scoring. Throughout this game the first line stood out.

S. C. I. & T. S. 9, Wallaceburg 0 — Oct. 27.

With some help from the regulars the second string players outplayed and defeated Wallaceburg 9-0.

Harris kicked a field goal which a Perry pass had set up. Jack Smith



TRACK AND FIELD WINNERS

Top: John Teasell Sr. II, Reg. Spradbrow, Sr. I. Front: F. Butler, Int. II; D. O'dell, T. Fowler Int. II. Absent: Al Ferris, Int. winner; Bill Cook, Juvenile champ.

scored a major in the last period which Newman converted, but it took considerable luck to score the convert as it was kicked low, bounced off the back of a Wallaceburg player, off the bar and over.

S. C. I. & T. S. 17, Junior Wanderers 11 — Oct. 29.

In a wide open game the Blue Bombers, paced by Tom Harris and Don Perry overcame the Wanderers and their diminutive star Jimmy Holden. Ed. Bayduck and Pat McCrae, former Collegiate stars, also stood out for the losers.

Perry's passing set up the first score which Smola scored from the 2. Harris converted. Bayduck scored, McArthur converted, and the score was tied. A Perry to Harris pass and Harris' convert added six more points. Another Perry to Harris pass set up the third Blue Bomber touchdown. Don carried over from the 10. Pat McCrae scored a touchdown for the Wanderers, but this ended the scoring.

S. C. I. & T. S. 36, London Central 0 — Nov. 5.

By virtue of their overwhelming 36-0 victory over London Central the Blue Bombers entered the Wossa semi-finals. Led by perfect blocking up front, Don Perry played the best game of his career with his running and passing. Harris' kicking and running also stood out.

The very muddy field did not slow down Perry as he scored the first touchdown which Harris converted. On the last play of the half Harris kicked a field goal. Five plays later Perry ran 43 yards over end to score. Again "The Toe" converted. In the final quarter Harris kicked a field-goal, and then he intercepted a pass and ran 60 yards to score a touchdown to which he added the convert. Soper hit a Central ball carrier behind the goal line and Sarnia had two more points. After Bill Griffiths had recovered a fumble, Bob Handy scored. Harris' 5 yard run set up a 15 yard touchdown by Jack Smith to end the scoring.



SOCCKER TEAM—WOSSA SEMI-FINALISTS

Top: Al Gravelle, J. Brough, L. Elmer, T. McCann, B. Callum, Bob Naylor, Ken George. Front: D. Day, J. Savage, D. Johnston, Bill Mundy, Chart Reece.

Assumption 23, S. C. I. & T. S. 2 — Nov. 12.

Assumption again! Despite an early two point lead on kicks by Harris, Assumption again rolled over the Blue Bombers with Bill Pataky leading the way.

Harris' kicks were good for 75 and 50 yards. But then Assumption was on the march with Pataky scoring and Fracas converting. Brisson picked up a fumble, with Fracas' convert the score was 12-2. O'Neil lateralled to McGuire for another score. Pataky scored his second touchdown, and Fracas' convert finished the scoring. While Assumption went on to be the Wossa champions again, the season was over at the S. C. I & T. S. with the battle cry for next year being "Beat Assumption."

WOSSA SOCCER

Coach—Bill Wood.

Goal—McCann, Callum.

Fullbacks—Savage, Newell, Reece.

Halfbacks—Elmer, Johnston, Leckie, Naylor.

Forwards—Free, Lambert, George, Mundy, Daye, O'Dell, Brough and Noyle.

With the best half line in Wossa Soccer the team had a good season, winning the first four games and losing the last two. The Collegiate team scored 10 goals and their opponents 4. All four of the opponents' goals came in the tournament at London.

Grouped with Forest and Glencoe the S. C. I. & T. S. team easily won the grouping. In the first game the team completely outplayed Forest, but only a spectacular corner kick by Free won the game as the score was 1-0. Then in Glencoe the team started to click, and Doug Daye scored on a pass from Leckie and Free. George passed to Mundy for the second goal. Noyle ended the scoring. In a return game with Glencoe (Forest defaulted another game), before the home fans the Collegiate won handily by a 4-0 score.



SENIOR BASKETBALL — WOSSA SEMI-FINALISTS

Top: R. Vernon, Al McLean, Al. Ferguson, W. Glendon, J. Teasell; Front: J. Horley, M. Oreskovich, L. Elmer, D. Culley, T. McCann.

On October 30 Sarnia faced Hanover in the first game of the Wossa tournament. Sarnia carried the play and until the last minute were leading 2-0. But then Hanover scored the first goal of the season against Sarnia. The Collegiate team advanced against London Beal Technical School. Sarnia's shooting was erratic as it had been all season, and although they dominated the play they were unable to score. The London team was awarded a goal kick on a questionable decision, and the kick was good with London winning 1-0. In a listless consolation game the Blue and White lost to Chatham Collegiate 2-0. Walkerville beat London 2-0 for the title.

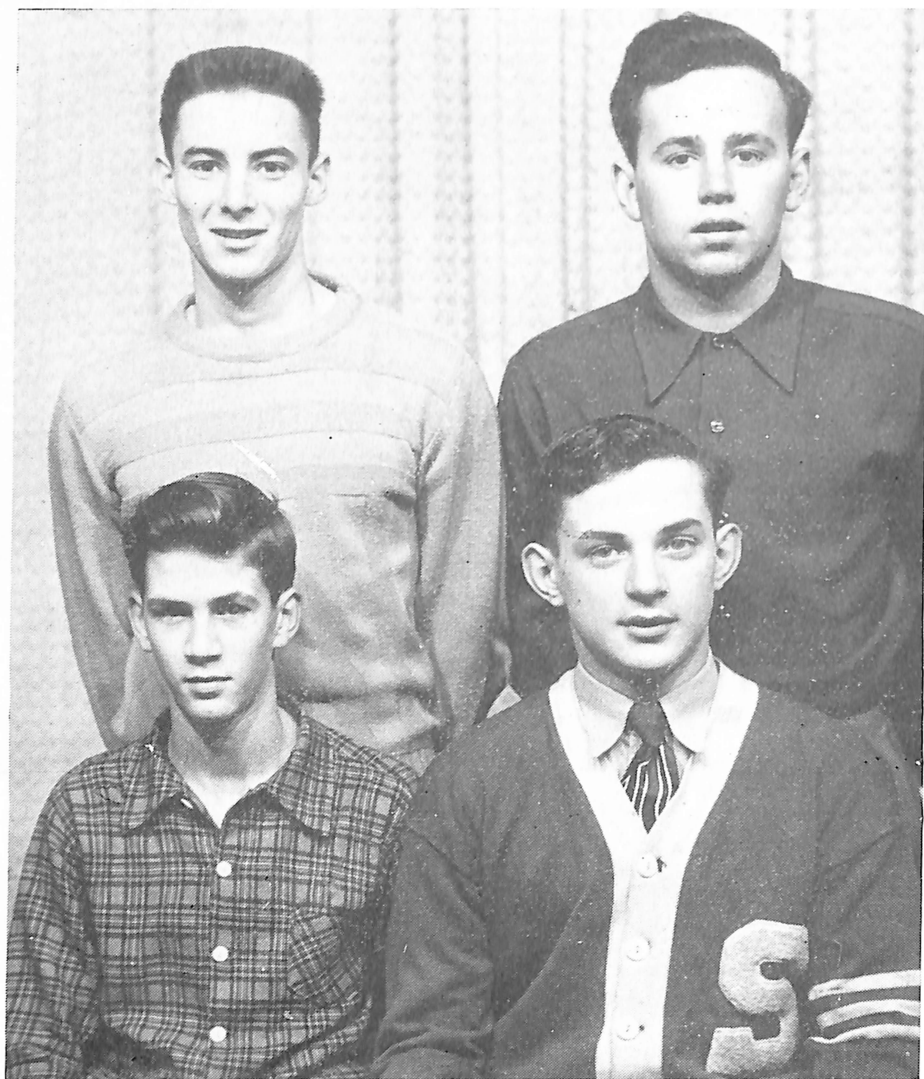
This tournament was unfair to the participants as were the basketball tournaments, and teams cannot be judged accurately from their showing in these. In the future the play-off system should be the same as that of

football.

WOSSA BASKETBALL

The senior team under the new coach, Ray Latremouille to date has played six exhibition and three Wossa games. After losing the first three exhibitions, they now have a string of six victories. The junior team has lost two exhibition games while winning two. Sparked by the all-round play of Joe Horley and Doug Culley, the senior team is having a good season with expert coaching. Brad Kelch has been the mainstay of the Juniors, who advance into the Wossa playoffs without opposition, as the games with Chatham are only exhibition games.

St. Andrew's of the senior city league spoiled the debut of the Silver Streaks as they plodded to a 15-10 victory. Then Port Huron Junior College took over, defeating the seniors 42-33 on our floor and barely taking a 29-36 decision on their court.



1947-1948 POINT WINNERS

Back row: Mike Cooper, Peg. Spradbrow. Front row: Jim Milligan, Don Fowlie.

Gus' of the city league were the Collegiate's first victim. Joe Horley threw in 15 points as the S. C. I. & T. S. won 39-31. Joe again led the scoring, with 12 points this time, as the Collegiate and Commercial (for Joe, Doug and Marco Oreskovich of the starting team) trounced Port Huron High School's seconds 42-19. In a return game in Port Huron, the Silver Streaks again won 44-31. Joe, as usual, led the scoring with 16

points. The Juniors dropped their first exhibition game to a Devine Street United team, 25-11.

The senior team opened the Wossa schedule with a convincing win over the Chatham Collegiate team on the 29th of January. The Juniors triumphed 40-21 in the exhibition game. Lorne Rosebrugh scored 12 points, and Brad Kelch 9. The seniors, led by Joe Horley with 14 and Doug Culley with 9, trounced the Chatham seniors 46-20.

In Sarnia the Juniors eked out a close 29-26 decision. Brad Kelch and Lorne Rosebrugh scored 8 points each. Six of Brad's points were foul shots. In the senior game Tom McCann paced the attack with 13 points. Joe, Marco, and Lloyd Elmer scored seven each.

In the next game the Juniors suffered a 17-9 defeat. They were far off their usual style and were without Brad Kelch their best playmaker. However, the seniors came back and won 45-29. Joe Horley scored 12 points, all of them in the first half. Tom McCann had 9. This win sent the senior team into the Wossa playoffs no matter what happens in the next game with Chatham. Their opponent will be Leamington.

CURLING

While not an organized sport at the S. C. I. & T. S., curling has developed quickly among high school students. Two teams went to the bonspiels at Galt and Guelph. The rink skipped by Bill McCart of St. Pat's with Jack Carruthers, Ken Helson and George Langmyhr, defeated Gananoque 19-4 in the first game and then Lindsay 9-4. However, Galt eliminated them 10-4. The other rink skipped by Trevor Storey, with Bob Smith, Bob Chilton and Don Lunney, however, were not as fortunate, as they lost to Lindsay (6-17), and Little Current (3-4), and won over Flesherton (6-4). But they managed a close 6-5 win over Bracebridge.

BOYS' ALL-ROUND CHAMPIONS 1947-1948

At last year's final assembly the awards to all round athletes and swimmers were presented. Many of the boys were the same as the year previous.

AWARDS

First S—Reg Spradbrow—Kenny Cup, All-round champion, Senior track champion two successive years.—Bruce MacDonald — Senior swimmeet winner two successive years.

Second S—Bill Van Hoogenhuize — best shot in the school.—Mike Cooper—Intermediate all-round champion.

All-round Champions—Point System. Intermediate Rotary Silver Medal, Mike Cooper; Junior Rotary Bronze Medal, Don Fowlie; Juvenile Rotary Bronze Medal, Jim Miliken. Runners up—Senior, Bert Baldwin; Intermediate, Dave Johnston; Junior, Bill Harper; Juvenile, Hugh Short.

Swimming Meet Winners—Senior, Newton Memorial Cup Miniature, Bruce MacDonald; Intermediate, Kiwanis Silver Medal, Mike Cooper; Junior, Kiwanis Bronze Medal, R. Plain, Jim McLean, (tie); Juvenile, Kiwanis Bronze Medal, Jim Milliken.

TRACK AND FIELD — FIELD DAY

Again Reg. Spradbrow was senior champion. But Paul Gillespie broke the only record, shattered as he high jumped 5 feet, 7¼ inches. John Teasell was runner-up to Reg, in the senior division. Allan Farris was intermediate champion, but Doug O'Dell and Francis Butler were close behind and tied for second place. Tom Towler was junior champion edging out Calvin Weaver. In the juvenile division Bill Cook easily won with Don Wardell in second place. Lloyd Elmer again won the long distance event, this year a one-half mile

run. Cliff Perry and Ken Romanishen finished second and third respectively.

Senior Division

1. Reg. Spradbrow 22.
2. John Teasell 18.

Intermediate Division

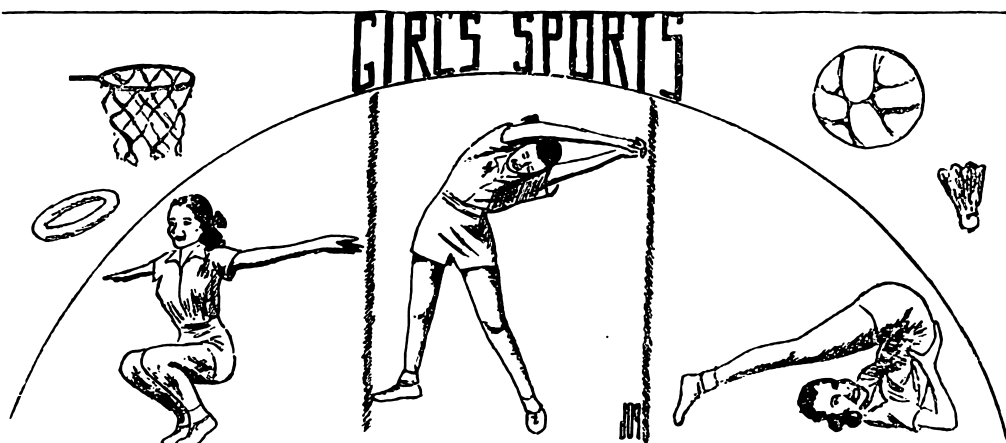
1. Allan Farris 11.
2. Doug O'Dell, Francis Butler 9.

Junior Division

1. Tom Towler 10.
2. Calvin Weaver 9.

Juvenile Division

1. Bill Cook 18
2. Don Wardell 12



DEMONSTRATION

On that fateful day or rather night of June 1st, in the year 1948, two great events took place: first, the girls held their P. T. Demonstration at Athletic Park, and, second, the mosquitoes made their first appearance in Sarnia—at a feast consisting of some 600 girls.

As soon as everyone had presented his ticket or hopped the fence, the Grade Nines began their exercises. The mosquitoes, though, hadn't started yet. Each of the other grades, right up to Grades 12 and 13, performed their exercises—still no mosquitoes. Every grade came on and did their dances.

The tumbling group came on next. They did somersaults, stood on their heads (not on each other's head, but each on her own) and performed all sorts of acrobatics, and then went off, without a broken bone.

Then, together with the advanced

gymnastic group, came the mosquitoes. The girls did their gymnastics and slapped mosquitoes at the same time. It was a pleasure to see them, doing the gymnastics, I mean.

All the girls gathered on the field to dance and sing Parley Voo. The audience enjoyed this for they sang with the girls. They couldn't join in the dancing, though, because there wasn't enough room.

The traditional Naas March ended the program, but not my story. You probably want to know what happened to the villains of this little tale. Well, at the end of the evening, the field was covered with dead mosquitoes, and our heroines returned home, tired but happy.

Mr. Sole's movie, shown to us in January, made us realize what a really good show we had put on — and no mosquitoes showed up in the picture.

TRACK AND FIELD

Senior A

| | |
|------------------------------|----------|
| 12C Capt. M. Fraser | 312 Pts. |
| C12(2) Capt. R. Smith | 285 Pts. |
| C12(1) Capt. J. Maness | 271 Pts. |

Senior B

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| 11B Capt. J. Christon | 276 Pts. |
| C11(2) Capt. J. Jackson | 230 Pts. |
| 11D(1) Capt. J. Garrison | 229 Pts. |

Intermediate

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| 10-8 Capt. J. Phippen | 310 Pts. |
| 10-11(1) Capt. J. Kreiter | 307 Pts. |
| 10-5 Capt. J. Scott | 296 Pts. |

After a postponement of one week the annual Field Day was held on the afternoon of October 14 and the morning of October 15. There was almost perfect participation with only four classes not having 100%. Among the many participants was a lively brown and white collie, who got much attention from the girls. Do you suppose a shmoo brought him to our campus?



BADMINTON—SPEEDBALL CAPTAINS

Marnie Huggett, Donna Kelly, Evelyn Swartz.

BADMINTON

12B Capt. M. Huggett

Sp. C. (2) Capt H. Sparling, P. Pringle.

Sp. C. (1) Capt. E. Norwood

This year only Grades 12, 13 and Sp. C. played badminton. Grade II was dropped out of this tournament to play table tennis. Many of the girls showed great skill in handling rackets, gaining for themselves one of the three top places.

TABLE TENNIS

11B Capt. D. Kelly

11C Capt. A. Hawley

11D(1) Capt. F. Forbes.

The Grades II played table tennis this year instead of badminton. Most of the players showed ability and enthusiasm in the game even though this was the first year of the tournament.

VOLLEYBALL

10B Capt. J. Weir

The volleyball tournament was one of the best, with very few defaults. The games were played well with close scores.

FLIEDBALL

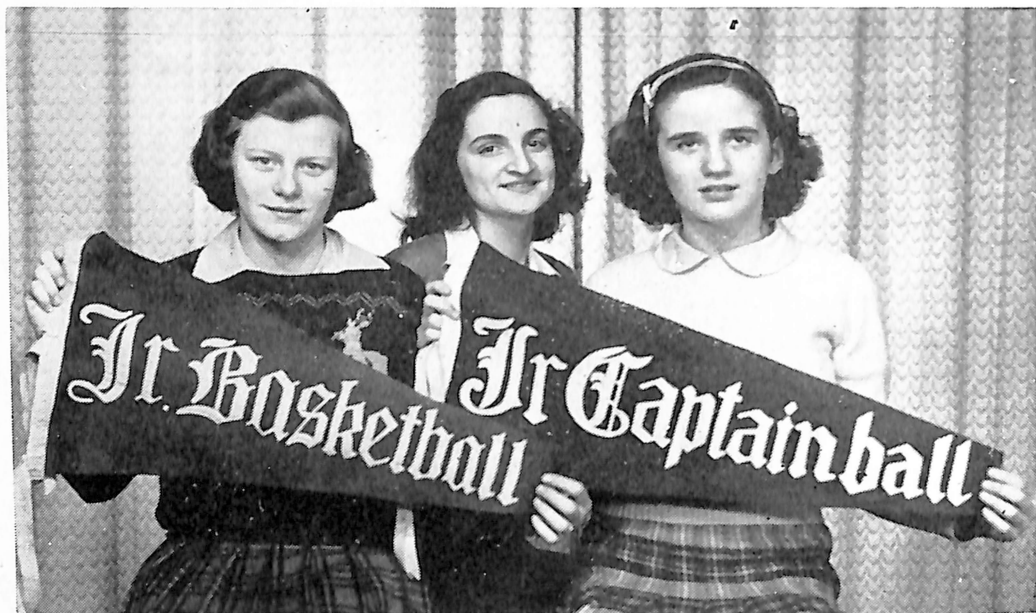
10-8 Capt. N. Tithecott

10-5 Capt. E. Dunbar

10-11 Capt. C. Burdette

There were only four teams playing fieldball. The other Grade 10 teams were left out because they could not get enough players to stay after school.

The intermediates played on a smaller field than the Seniors did, but after running from one goal to the other, several times, they couldn't have been more exhausted.



JUNIOR WINNING CAPTAINS

Left to right: Wilma Gale, Anne Davitch, Nancy Roberts.

TABLE TENNIS

10-11 Capt. D. McDougall
10-8 Capt. M. McInnes
10-5 Capt. J. McEachern

Table tennis is a new tournament for Grade 10, instead of deck tennis. Each form had to have three teams turn out for each game. Each team had to win two out of three rounds.

After many postponements, a game to break the tie for first place was played.

JUNIOR

BASKETBALL

9-4 Capt. W. Gale
9-11 Capt. J. Kreiter
9-10 Capt. C. Mellon

The Juniors were quite surprised to find that they played nine-court basketball. This allowed them, shall we say, to get acquainted with the game.

One fault with the Juniors is that they always took steps. With the floor divided into ninths, they could not walk far with the ball.

VOLLEYBALL

9-4 Capt. A. Davich

The winners, 9-4 won the pennant without losing a game. A game to break a tie for second place, however, had to be played.

The Juniors played wonderful volleyball and surprised the Seniors with their skill.

CAPTAINBALL

9-11 Capt. N. Roberts
9-6 Capt. V. Sargeant
9-4 Capt. D. Riddle

Instead of just a straight captainball tournament, the Juniors also played danish rounders. Captainball was played in the final games to decide the winners.

DECK TENNIS

9-6 Capt. D. Adams
9-11(2) Capt. A. Treleavan
9-5 Capt. G. Whitelock.

Deck tennis was played only by Grade 9 this year. They must have found it very exciting, judging from the cheers and howls coming from the gym.



INTERMEDIATE CAPTAINS

Left to right: Noreen Tithecott, Mary Foster, Jane Phippen.

SWIMMING

Senior

- 11B Capt. A. Dobroski.
- 12C Capt. S. Strangway
- 13A Capt. T. Ramsay.

Intermediate

- 10-8 Capt. M. Foster
- 10-9 Capt. L. Alpine
- 10-7 Capt. C. McDougall

Junior

- 9-10 Capt. G. Phillips

9-9 Capt. L. Montgomery

9-11 Capt. M. McFarlane

The pool was open through the whole year, but swimming in classes was discontinued in November.

The greatest item in swimming this year was, that Alicia Dobroski swam the length of the pool 72 times, or one mile, in one hour. A few weeks later Dorothy Scott swam 80 lengths.

GIRLS' NOON GAMES

A group of girls from various forms who couldn't stay to play games after school were granted permission by Miss Ramsden to play during the noon hour.

At first, they only practised, (such games as badminton or table tennis). When the basketball tournament started, however, there were enough girls to have a tournament of their own, with four teams. The captains of the teams are: Doris McKenny,

Donna Elsom, Caroline Sameck, and Rose Smith. Only senior basketball was played.

The games, as well as the other activities the noon-group take part in, are supervised by Rose Smith of C-12, and Sally Wilkinson of SP. C., who represent the girls in the Girl's Athletic Association.

This group was grown so rapidly, that within a few years it will be on the regular schedule of girls' sports.



GRADE II TEAM CAPTAINS (Winners)

Left to right: Jacqueline Christon, Alicia Dobroski..

TOURNAMENTS

SENIOR

Basketball

12B Capt. D. Bulman

11B Capt. K. MacLachlan

C11 Capt. K. Forbes

There were four exhibition basketball games played during the 1947-48 season. Two games were played with St. Pat's and two were played with Forest. We lost all four games.

In the Senior division, there was a close contest for the pennant. At the end of the final games the four teams were tied with one loss and two wins each. A second set of games had to be played to decide the winners.

Speedball

12B Capt. E. Swartz

C12 Capt. K. Forbes

12AA-C Capt. J. Gibbs and J. Wierenga.

The girls got a big kick out of speedball. They showed great enthusiasm in the game, much more so than last year. The two top teams played two games against each other. There was no scoring in the first game. The second game 12B won with a score of 6-4.

Fieldball

11D Capt. M. Treleaven

11B Capt. B. Walker

C11(1) Capt. J. Nicholson

The Grade II girls flew like the breeze when fieldball started. There were some very good games, especially when 11D, the winners, played the all-star team from all the other Grade 11 forms.

INTERMEDIATE

BASKETBALL

10B Capt. F. Dawson

10E Capt. J. Garrison

C10C Capt. S. Benson

The Grade 10 girls played good basketball, although it was a bit rough. These lassies played three-court basketball and played hard. The three top teams deserve medals because they played through the final games without a casualty.



PROFICIENCY CREST WINNERS 1947-1948.

Top: P. Pringle, H. Sparling, J. Eyre, J. Wierenga, D. Kelly, E. Swartz; Centre: S. McCrae, G. Cordey, B. Huggett, J. Brownlee, I. Rutherford, A. Dobroski, B. Reed, M. Huggett, A. Hawley; Front A. Davich, W. Gale, M. Foster, B. Scott, E. Dunbar, J. Knight, P. De'Gurse, J. Weir, P. Moore.

PROFICIENCY CREST WINNERS 1947 - 1948

The marks of every girl are totalled at the end of the year. Girls who receive 75% of the average of the ten highest marks receive Proficiency Crests. Three Proficiency Crests entitle a girl to a Second S.

Proficiency Crest winners were: P. Armstrong, S. Benson, J. Boulton, B. Brock, J. Brownlee, B. Brydges, S. Capes, G. Cordey, A. Davich, M. Davich, F. Dawson, P. De'Gurse, A. Dobroski, E. Dunbar, J. Eyre, M. Foster, W. Gale, J. Garrison, S. Geddie, D. Goodacre, M. Gray, A. Hawley, R. Hawley, B. Huggett, M. Huggett, J. Jackson, M. Jones, D. Kelly, B. Kerr, J. Knight, G. Langmyhr, M. Langmyhr, J. Maness, S. Marshall, P.

Moor, H. MacKinlay, J. McEachern, S. McCrae, J. McKay, M. Nisbet, M. O'Neill, M. Phillips, H. Plain, J. Plain, M. Powell, P. Pringle, A. Rausa, B. Reid, B. Riley, I. Rutherford, B. Scott, H. Sparling, M. Stewart, M. Trotter, C. VanAlstyne, J. Weir, J. Wierenga.

Second S's were awarded to: H. Plain, G. Cordey, M. Davich, M. Huggett, H. MacKinlay, J. Plain, H. Sparling, E. Swartz, J. Wierenga.

All-round form: 10-B.

All-round champs: Senior — Ruth Hawley.

Intermediate—Alicia Dobroski.
Junior—Mary Foster.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Although the girls' athletic activities for 1948-49 have not yet been completed, the tournaments up-to-date have been most successful.

Much of the credit for this should go to the members of the G. A. A. The girls take turns in looking after the gym each night after school.

The executive of the Girls' Athletic Association is:

Honorary Presidents—Mr. Sinclair, Miss Ramsden, Miss Wilson.

President—Pauline Armstrong

Vice-president—Margaret Trotter

Secretary—Helen MacKinlay

Treasurer—Evelyn Swartz

Curators: Track and Field—I. Ruth-
erford.

Swimming—B. Parker.

Speedball, Fieldball, Captainball—
S. McCrae.

Badminton, Table and Deck Ten-
nis—A. Dobroski.

Basketball—G. Cordey.

Volleyball—B. Huggett

Softball—H. Sparling.

Dancing—A. Hawley.

Noon Representatives — R. Smith,
S. Wilkinson.



ALICIA DOBROSKI

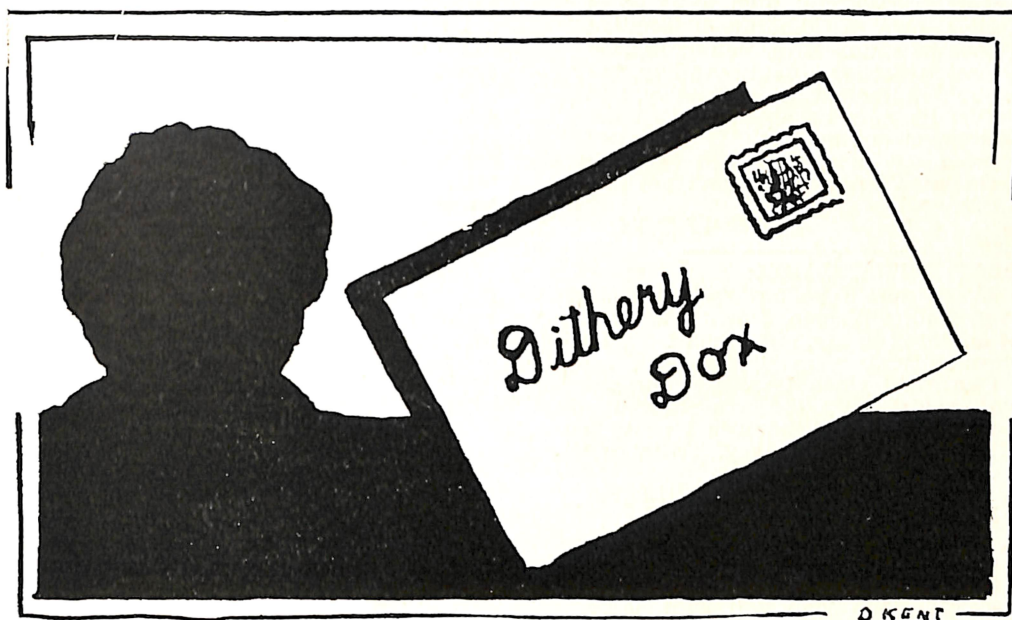
Intermediate

ALL ROUND CHAMPS



MARY FOSTER

Junior



DEAR DITHERY DOX:

I am a new person at this school, and I do not know how to get acquainted with people because I am shy.

I would be pleased if you would give some ways in which I could get to know some people.

CURIOSITY.

DEAR CURIOSITY:

Forget your shyness, or self-consciousness, or whatever it may be, and grow up.

The school supports many after-school activities, and it would be advisable to enter one or two of these, but limit yourself according to your school work. Com-te-colls are held for your pleasure. Attend them and take advantage of the various forms of enjoyment put at your disposal. Interform sports are sponsored for you.

If you are able to sing, join the Glee Club.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

I am a fourteen-year-old first former with a rather difficult problem.

My mother thinks that I am too young to work, so she gives me fifty cents allowance. I would like to know how a boy can date a girl on fifty cents a week!

DREAMBOAT.

DEAR DREAMBOAT:

In reply to your question on how a boy can date a girl on an allowance of fifty cents a week, may I suggest the following:

1. Save your allowance for two or three weeks, spending as little as

possible on yourself. When you save a dollar or dollar and a half, then ask the young lady for a date. With this you can both have a good time, but not an extravagant one.

2. Your own school offers Com-Te-Colls and dances nearly every week. These affairs are designed for the student and include a very low admission price that even fifty cents can more than cover.

3. Lastly, I suggest church on Sundays, church affairs, and just plain evening or Sunday walks with the young lady.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

I am a girl of fifteen years, and my problem is about going with boys. Boys have asked me for dates, but I have had to refuse them as I live too far out in the country, and to get into town for dates is a problem. My mother and father are no help, for they think I am too young for dates.

The boys think I do not want to go with them when I refuse. I don't mind going without dates once in a while, but don't you think they will not ask me out when I get older?

Please help me, for I am very much mixed up.

DISCOURAGED.

DEAR DISCOURAGED:

I have considered your problem with great thought, and I hope I have found a solution to your worries. The first to be considered is your age. I think fifteen is not too young to have dates. Talk this over with your parents. Talk to

your friends and plan a party in your own neighborhood, inviting boys to come. After you have been invited out for a date by a boy, tell him you live out in the country, and then he may be able to get a car or come out by bus. If you start going out now, they will ask you out later. Above all don't get discouraged.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

Every time I go out with a girl or even walk with one, I can never think of anything to say, and when I do, I always stutter.

One night when I went to the show with a girl, all I did was sit and not say a single word, because I could not think of anything to say. What shall I do?

WEEPING WILLIE.

DEAR WEEPING WILLIE:

Your whole problem is your shyness. Double date at first with a good friend with whom you feel at ease, and who will help carry the conversation.

Find common interest and brush up on them so the girl will be able to take part in your conversation. Learn how to express yourself freely. Taking part in conversations with familiar friends will relieve your self-consciousness when you are dating. Do not be afraid to start a conversation; more than likely the girl is in the same boat as you.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

My problem is that I am shy, especially with girls. Although I would like to ask girls to dance at school parties. I can never speak to girls unless I have to. Some of the kids think I am a sissy, and others think I am conceited because of this. What can I do to overcome my shyness?

BASHFUL.

DEAR BASHFUL:

After much consideration I think your shyness must be due to loneliness. Just get out to some of the school dances and Com-Te-Colls which are put on for people like you. Forget about yourself, and you will find that your friends won't call you a sissy or conceited. Attend the Com-Te-Colls at first with a group of boys, and perhaps through these boys you will meet some nice girls. Ask the girls to dance; they are probably just waiting for you to ask them. Girls aren't poison; they won't bite you if you talk to them.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

I am a 'teen-ager in 9-8 of the Sarnia Collegiate. I have a problem to consult you about.

My problem is similar to that of quite a few teen-aged people in our neighborhood. I have parents who are old-fashioned about letting a sixteen year old girl go out at night. I go out on some Friday nights with a boy, but I have to meet him down the street so my parents will not see me. When I come home, if my father sees me, he will not let me go out for two or three weeks. If I bring this boy into the house (my father believes this proper) my father criticizes him because he is Dutch and makes a regular fool of him. What should I do?

UNDECIDED.

DEAR UNDECIDED:

I suggest that you talk your problems over with your parents and try to convince them that in certain ways the Dutch are superior to us. Ask your parents if you may bring your friend to the house and spend an evening with them, thus proving to your parents that the boy is very congenial and respectable. Try to explain tactfully to the boy what the situation is at home, and I am sure he will understand and agree to spend an evening with your parents.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

I'm a boy old enough to participate in different sports. I like every sport we have in our school. The trouble is that my father is afraid I might get hurt.

Surely I'm not such a delicate rose—but that I couldn't take care of myself. It isn't much fun just to sit back and look on. What should I tell my father? Please give me your opinion.

BUTCH.

DEAR BUTCH:

Your problem is a common one among grade nine students. Lacking age and independence, you are not able to rebel against your father. I can give you some arguments which might help you.

Your best argument is to tell your father that other boys, of your age and size, compete in many sports in and out of school. Also try to get your father interested in sports by following them.

In conclusion, if your father is still not convinced, try playing a few games which do not include bodily contact, and show him in this way.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

I am a girl thirteen years of age, and I have a very serious problem.

Ever since I have been about nine years of age. I have had a bad habit of stuttering. When I read and when I talk to my friends, I have a hard time getting over the words. Then I get nervous, because I think that they are laughing at me.

I don't know what to do about this. Do you think you can help me?

"HOPELESS"

DEAR HOPELESS:

Since you have been stuttering for four years, you may be going through that stage in your life which many young people of your age do. If you practise talking slowly when you are at home, reading aloud and singing, this should help you. When you think that everyone else in the class is laughing at you, try doing something with your hands and ignore the jokers who think it's smart to laugh at everyone. When you do this, the stuttering will disappear by itself.

When speaking to your friends, don't think about yourself, think of what you are saying; mean it; don't even think of stuttering, forget about yourself. Ten to one your friends are not laughing at you. They too, often feel self-conscious, as you do. Have confidence in yourself! You are certainly not "hopeless."

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

Here is my problem. I live in the country where there are no boys my own age and size. Because of this I can find nowhere to spend my time around home, so I joined several clubs and associations. I find now that these pastimes get in the way of my school work, which I realize, is far more important.

If I give up any of these pastimes, I know I shall be very disappointed. Besides this I cannot think of which pastime to give up if I do quit. Please give me some good advice in my situation.

UNDECIDED.

DEAR UNDECIDED:

In my opinion you should do your homework before these activities start. If this doesn't work, one of your clubs should be dropped, for school work comes first. This could be one that is least interesting for you. Above all, do your homework first.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

I am a student of S. C. I. & T. S. and for some time I have been worried about a problem.

Lately, whenever I go out with my friends, and we stop at a restaurant, cigarettes are passed around, and everyone takes one except me. I don't care for them.

I am eighteen years old and I am afraid if I don't start smoking, I will lose my friends. What would you suggest in the way of advice about this problem?

TROUBLED.

DEAR TROUBLED:

Apparently you have attempted smoking and find it unpleasant. A small matter such as smoking should not cause a break in your friendships. Even if your friends have noticed your refusing cigarettes, they should not hold it against you, but realize that everyone has different likes and dislikes.

I believe that you should continue to refuse the cigarettes and tell your friends that you do not enjoy smoking. They will understand and perhaps, in a short time, realize that you have escaped their possibility of developing what is for them a chronic habit.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

I am in grade nine, and I have a problem which I believe has faced many a 'teen-ager.

Mother will not let me join a group of girls I go with for a soda after school. It is not a matter of money. It is because she says it will give me a bad reputation. The girls are my classmates, so I can't understand her argument.

What should I do? I want to be friends with the girls. I like them very much.

BEWILDERED.

DEAR BEWILDERED:

After giving your problem much consideration, I suggest that you have a little get-together with your class-mates and have your mother meet them. It may be the girls who will give you a bad reputation, and if so, you must decide for yourself whether you should continue to chum with them, but if it is the place, which might well be the case, I suggest going to some more respectable soda fountain.

I am sure that your mother will approve of the girls after she has become acquainted with them as every girl should have a group of friends with which to chum.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

I am a Grade Nine student and have a problem I would like your help in solving.

My girl friend and myself often baby-sit three or four nights a week and would like to know whether it is right to invite boys to the home where we baby-sit. The parents often give us permission to have a friend in, but they do not say of which sex.

Please try to help us, for we would appreciate it.

A BABY-SITTER.**DEAR BABY-SITTER:**

Since you are baby-sitting several nights each week, it would hardly be necessary to have the boys in every night. It would make too many people if you invited another girl and a couple of boys to another person's house. However, one girl-friend would be quite proper.

Even if you did have your mother's permission and the lady's, it would still be wiser not to invite boys over. You are there to work, not to have a good time. There are still other nights of the week on which you can enjoy the company of your boy friends, so don't mix business with pleasure.

On a very special occasion, however, if you find that you really want a certain boy's company, I think it would be all right as long as you have the permission of your mother and your employer, and do not make a practice of it.

DITHERY DOX.**DEAR DITHERY DOX:**

I am a first former with a difficult problem. My mother won't let me wear a T shirt under a sweater, but instead I have to wear a shirt and a tie.

Most of my friends don't have to wear a shirt and tie.

Could you please help me in my problem.

DISCOURAGED.**DEAR DISCOURAGED:**

As far as I can see there is nothing wrong with wearing a T shirt under a sweater.

In your mother's school days they most likely wore shirts and ties as that was the style, but now your mother does not realize that the styles have changed, and thinks you should be dressed like the younger boys with whom she used to go to school. The human race has evolved and so must you, but your mother is preventing it. Try to explain it to her this way. Just as the style of cars is changing rapidly before your own eyes, so must you change your styles.

DITHERY DOX.**DEAR DITHERY DOX:**

I am a student in Grade nine and have a very heavy burden in the form of a problem.

This problem is as follows: I would like to receive more money per week in my allowance, but my parents say "No." The seventy-five cents per week which I now receive does not go very far, so I think I should receive at least a dollar and a quarter a week. Most of my chums get this amount, but my parents think I would spend it foolishly, although I am confident I would not.

I have told my parents of your article and they will act upon your advice.

I trust you can at least lighten my burden.

R. G. B.**DEAR R. G. B.:**

I feel that seventy-five cents a week is not enough considering the high cost of living. My plan is to try a weekly budget and show it to your parents for approval. In my opinion a dollar is enough for your allowance, but if you find this is not adequate, I would advise you to get a Saturday job. Maybe it would be a good idea for you to join the "Y" Jobs Unlimited Club. Perhaps you will learn the value of money through this experience. I hope this will lighten your burden.

DITHERY DOX.**DEAR DITHERY DOX:**

I am a girl of fourteen years and a little chubby.

I would like to go out with boys, and I think I would have a good time, but nobody asks me.

When I come to "Com-te-colls" I always come with some girls. I never dance because I feel self-conscious of my being fat. I can dance a little, but I could always learn to dance better. I would appreciate your help very much.

BEWILDERED.**DEAR BEWILDERED:**

In the first place I think you should try to overcome your self-consciousness. The fact that you are on the chubby side does not determine whether you will have dates or not. The most important thing is that you should have a pleasing personality. Many people of your age are inclined to be a bit chubby, and I think that in a short time you will lose your weight.

Besides, the boys of your age, going to Com-te-colls, are probably just as shy or self-conscious as you, and are afraid to ask you to dance. By all means, improve your dancing; dance with the girls you go with, and then probably you will

be asked by a boy when he sees you can dance.

You might take advantage of the "girl ask boy" dances at the Comte-colls. Join some of the clubs here at school such as the camera club, debating club, and get acquainted.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

I have a problem to present to you. Mother and I disagree very much on the question of clothes.

I am afraid mother is old-fashioned about what I should wear. For example, I saw a dress I wanted very much, it was in style, and not too old for me. Well of course, mother did not want me to get it. She picked out a dress more for a ten-year-old than a fourteen-year-old girl. Shoes are just the same.

Her intentions are honourable I guess, but what can I do to show her that styles have changed quite a bit, and also that I have grown more than she has realized?

DESPAIED.

DEAR DESPAIED:

Your problem is a very common one and many mothers have the same ideas as yours. Get a few teen-age magazines containing fashions such as "Calling All Girls" or "Seventeen", and have your mother look them over, pointing out to her that styles have changed since she was a girl. Ask your mother, if when she was fourteen, she did not wear the same styles as the other girls, or if she wanted her dress to be entirely different. And now, today, isn't she wearing the new-look?

To convince your mother that you really want this new dress, why don't you ask her if you can get a part-time job? Then you would be able to have your own money. Surely, she would let you buy what you wanted, as long as you did not spend your money foolishly.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

My problem is: After you have gone to the movies with a boy and you go to a restaurant, usually he tells you to order. What should you do if you don't want to order too much or if you don't know just what to order. It does become very embarrassing if you do order something which is too expensive.

Please help me.

PUZZLED.

DEAR PUZZLED:

If you aren't very hungry and you don't want to hurt your boy-friend's feelings by not eating, just order a

soft drink or something light. Use your own judgment about what to order as you surely have some sense of value. Remember you can always get something to eat when you go home if you are still hungry.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

I am a grade nine student and I have a problem I hope you can solve.

I have a friend who, I know likes me. He is afraid to ask me anywhere because my mother will not let me wear lipstick or curl my hair. She insists that I wear my hair close to my head and all patted down. Mother thinks it is terrible to be seen laughing and talking with boys at my age (15).

She knows I like him and that he likes me, so she does her darndest to keep me in sight.

The other night he asked me to go out. I took some lipstick, put it on, fixed my hair, and went out without Mother's consent. Do you think I should have?

POISON.

DEAR POISON:

I think that your mother is a trifle old-fashioned in her ideas about using lipstick and not curling your hair. Compromise with her on a trial; that is to go half-way with her in getting a permanent, and even if she does not like it, you will have the benefit of it for a few months and probably by that time she will have changed her views. Though I am in sympathy with your predicament, I do not think that you should go out against your mother's wishes. Bring your friend home and introduce him to the family so they can get acquainted. Your mother should realize that a girl your age should know the difference between right and wrong.

DITHERY DOX.

DEAR DITHERY DOX:

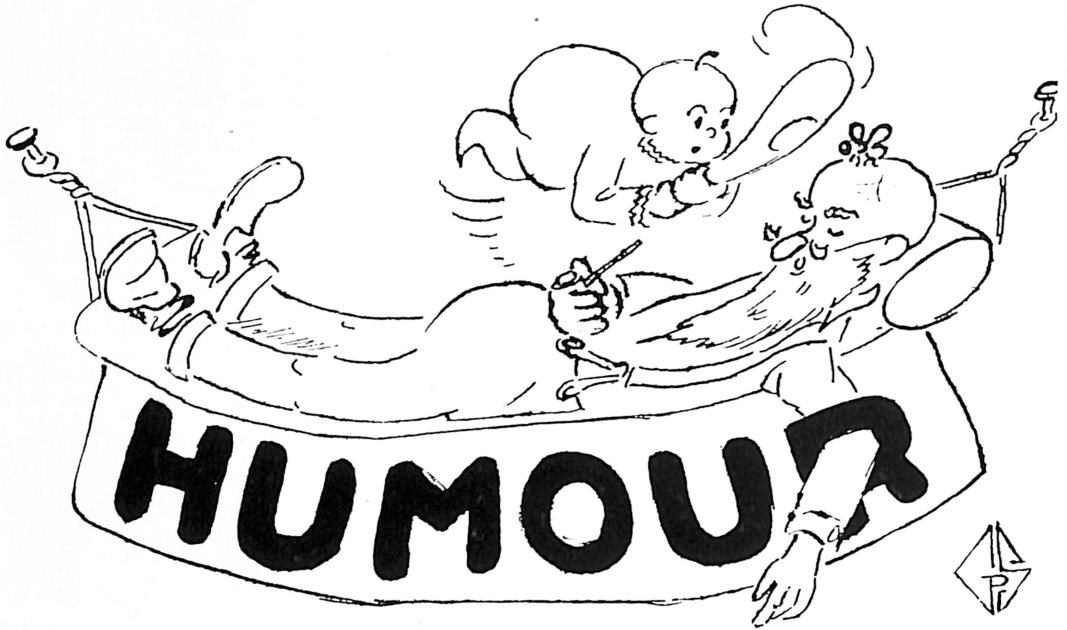
I am a grade nine student and I am too bashful to learn how to dance. I would like to go to all the dances, but I am too bashful to learn how to dance at the dancing classes.

J. C.

DEAR J. C.:

Ask one of your friend's sisters to teach you how to dance or one of your relatives. Then the next step would be to join your church's young peoples' society for they often have parties and you will know the people there. Go to the school dances with a group; this will also ease your shyness and you will soon summon enough courage to ask that special friend to dance.

DITHERY DOX.



Mr. Treitz's donation to Science:
New seats in 315. Students proclaim
it the greatest news since Mr. Dennis
invented Physics!

For our readers' tastes, we have divided the jokes into three columns.

CORN

Mr. Watson: Can anyone give me an example of wasted time?

Bright Student: Telling a hair raising story to a bald headed man.

Mr. Trietz: What makes the leaves turn red in the Fall?

Abell: They're blushing to think how green they have been all summer.

A student applies for a job in a butcher shop.

"Three dollars a week. But can you dress a chicken?"

Student: Not on three dollars a week!

MORE CORN

ADVERTISEMENT

Would you like to have beautiful curly hair?

Try Curlo! Wonderful results!

A witness testifies:

Even though I had curly hair, I tried Curlo.

Wonderful things happened! I now have a beautiful head of straight black hair.

Mr. Dennis: Haven't you finished washing that blackboard yet? You've been working on it for an hour!

Lewis: I know, but the more I wash it the blacker it gets.

HASH

Elmer: My hair's full of electricity.

D. Black: It should be; it's connected to a dry cell.

Customer: Some pork chops please, and make them lean.

Butcher: Backwards or forwards?

Stoner: I haven't slept for days.

Helen: Poor guy! what happened?

Keith: I sleep nights.

One long pan says: laugh and the class laughs with you; but you stay after school alone.

THE BIRTH OF JOKE

Birth: A middle school wit thinks it up and laughs out loud, waking two fifth-formers in the back seats.

Age 5 minutes: Tells it to senior, who answers, "It's funny but I've heard it before."

Age one day: Senior turns it in to school magazine as his own.

Age two days: Editor thinks it's terrible.

Age ten days: Editor has to fill the magazine; joke is printed.

Age one month: Thirteen other school magazines print it.

Age ten years: Eighty-three radio comedians discover joke and tell it, accompanied by howls of mirth from boys in orchestra (\$5.00) a howl.

Age 100: Teachers start telling it in class.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Campbell: What are you doing on Saturday night?

Somerton: Nothing.

Al: Well, may I borrow your soap?

The three chief means of communication are telephone, telegraph, and tell a woman.

Bob Day: Hello, is this Cedar tree, tree, tree.

Other Party: No this is Elm fir, fir, fir.

Bob Day: Very sorry, wrong lumber.

Mechanic to Tom Brock: Your motor's missing.

Tom: It was there when I started.

Ron D.: Why did Ram fall off the cliff

Jim S.: I haven't a clue.

Ron D.: He didn't see the Ewe turn.

* * *

Mr. Watson: (in history class) we will have a test tomorrow. We have not had one since the capture of Quebec.

Mr. Marcy: Well Gilbert, do you know why I have kept you in?

Malcolm: Huh! You keep me in for half an hour and then you don't know why you did it!

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Overheard in a court room by P. T. Judge: You are accused of parking in a restricted zone.

Mr. Langan: That's impossible, I remember looking at a sign that said: "Fine for parking," so I parked.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

ADVERTISEMENT

Does heavy work trouble you? Buy our little backbreaker motor! New design! Guaranteed to work until it gets out of the factory! Absolutely no moving parts! Only \$50.00.

(For a working model only \$500,000).

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Marg: I took eight sittings.

Norma: What? Are you having your portrait painted?

Marg: No, learning to skate.

A new best-seller has been circulating through S. C. I. Its name is "Adventures in 316 or The Case of the Missing Shoes."

Author: Some character called "Butch."

* * *

Proverb: Time and Dennis wait for no one.

R. Smith: Nick, your pants look rather sad today.

Nick Davich: What do you mean? Sort of depressed.

Alf Savage got his hand stepped on when he went uptown for cigarettes the other night.

(If you have read this far, we will send you to any desired rest home free of charge).

Because there was a scarcity of jokes this year, we persuaded the magazine to spend the enormous sum of 35,000,000,000,000 mills to have the walls and floors of the S. C. I. tunnelled. Then we paid our roving Peeping Tom 10c a week to listen to the students. After collecting a few jokes and washing them with 16 tons of Lux, Palmolive, Spic and Span, etc., we printed them. So, if you don't like the jokes, you know who to blame.

(P.S.)—We sent our Peeping Tom back to East London the other day when we caught him crouching in front of a door. He was watching two termites kissing in front of an open keyhole.

ADVICE TO THE LOVE-LORN

(By Iva-Mann)

Dear Miss Mann:

I am a young girl six feet tall. This makes me feel very conspicuous. I can't seem to get a dancing partner tall enough. Can you tell me something I could do to make me feel less conspicuous?

Any advice would be welcome.

A-Tall-One.

Dear Tall One:

You might try bathing in some cheap soap flakes (not lux of course) to make you shrink. Then alum, that well-known withering substance, is very cheap. If these fail, a hit on the head with a sledge hammer might give immediate results.

Good luck!

Iva Mann.

Dear Miss Mann:

My girl-friend's birthday is coming soon. I don't know what to give her. I'd give her jewelry only she doesn't like it. I'd give her clothes but I don't know her size. What shall I do?

Perplexed.

Dear Perplexed:

Give her flowers, she smells, doesn't she?

Iva Mann.

OW!

Tom Janes: My grandfather had a terrible time with his scalp.

Chate: Troubled with dandruff?

Tom: No, with the Indians.

Editor: So you made up all these jokes yourself.

Sugar: Yes—out of my head.

Editor: You must be.

PROF. FIETLEBAUM'S CORNER

Oculist—A thing with eight arms and tentacles.

Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out.

Circle—A round line with a hole in the middle.

Barium—What they do to dead people.

Cinnamon—An English word for "movie theatre."

Augby Coach—A thing with four wheels.

Chlorine—A dancer in a night club.

Woman—A thing of beauty and a jaw forever.

Polygon—A dead parrot.

Gnaw—American slang word meaning opposite of yes.

Algebra—The wife of Euclid.

Bigamist—Great fog.

THEME SONGS

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------|
| Ohm Sweet Ohm | Mr. Dennis |
| Guanta Le Gusta | Spanish |
| So Tired | G. Shepherd |
| Ah! But it happened | 100 in Math. |
| Here I'll stay | Detentions |
| Buttons and Bows | The "At Home" |
| For paradise phone | 261-M-12 |
| For the Highway to Heaven | |
| phone | 316-W-3 |
| For the Merry Mortician phone | 494W |
| For the Courtright Express ph. | 1715 |
| For a taxi phone | 3566-R |
| For a good time phone | 770-J-2 |
| For a blonde phone | 1617-M |
| For the shape phone | 7-W Corunna |
| For Prof. Feedlbomb phone | 1633-W |
| For Wong's Laundry phone | 1378 |

Johnston: The thermometer has fallen, Mr. Dennis.

Mr. Dennis: How much?

Dave: About five feet.

THE HIGH SCHOOL BOY AS SEEN BY...



..HIS TEACHER



..HIS MOTHER



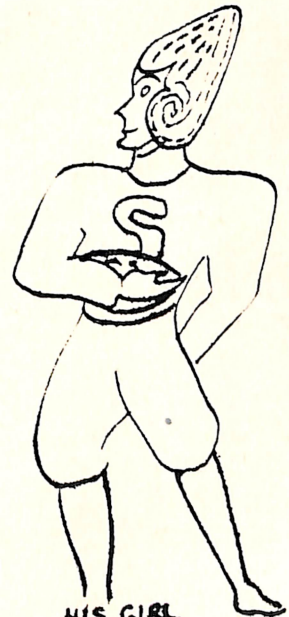
..HIS FATHER



HIMSELF



HIS GRANDPARENTS



HIS GIRL

C. McIntyre: What is the chief cause of divorce?
M. Wilson: Marriage.

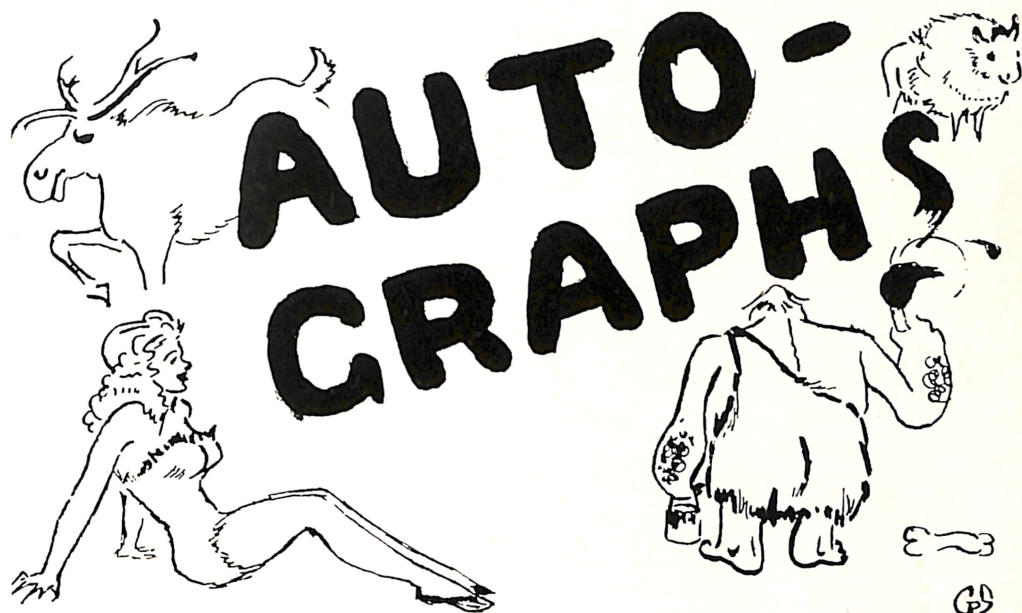
| NAME | Alias | Chief Weakness | Ambition | Ultimate Fate | Says |
|-----------------|------------|----------------|----------------------|-----------------|----------------------|
| Alfred Savage | "Cider" | "Connie" | Florist | Petal Picker | 'Can I play Coach?' |
| Loreen Walton | "Dimples" | "Dagg" | Housewife | Maid | "I hate you." |
| Gerald Tithcott | "Tic" | So-Ed Shows | Radio Technician | Janitor at CHOK | "and they're off" |
| Mary James | "Janey" | "Scits" | None | Still nothing | Start again. |
| Alan Gravelle | "Gravel" | "Boats" | Cabinet maker | Scenery Builder | "Nice Stuff." |
| Jean Underhay | "Whitey" | Corunna | Mrs. Curran | Dutchy | It's nothing really. |
| Randel Williams | "Windy" | Kathy | Band Leader | Set-up man | I play at the Aragon |
| Barbara Britt | "Brat" | "Ding" | Orator | Announcements | Hi Brat! |
| Ronald Dagg | "Curly" | Courtright | | Mooretown | Like that Tie? |
| Gayle Corrigan | "Fianigan" | Parkside | Censored | Censored | "Well." |
| Robert Day | "Foggy" | "Gin" | "University of Wis." | "T-12" | Hi Pal! |
| Marie Nesbit | "Maw" | "Pep" | "Dancer" | "Rabbit act" | "Are you sure?" |
| H. D. Harkins | "Sugar" | Bright's Grove | "Engineer" | "Hell driver" | Good morning! |
| Marie Owens | Slim | Men | Cupid | Stupid | So what. |
| Jack Smith | Johnny | Velda | Hockey Player | "Stickboy" | "In special we...!" |

MODEL BOY OF S. C. I.

Physique of Tom Harris
 Clothes of Skip Stevens
 Hair of Jack Smith
 Eyes of Ron Dagg
 Smile of Pep Thomas
 Friendliness of Paul Soper
 Personality of George Smola
 Dancing ability of Bruce MacDonald
 Athletic ability of Reg Spradbrow
 Intelligence of Jack Carruthers

MODEL GIRL OF S. C. I.

Figure of Helen McKinlay
 Clothes of Helen Callum
 Hair of Marion Humphries
 Eyes of Jean Underhay
 Smile of Velda Reeves
 Friendliness of Jean Phair
 Personality of Shirley Marshall
 Wittiness of Joan Nicholson
 Dancing ability of Gayle Corrigan
 Intelligence of Thelma Ramsay



Autographs

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14 — SUPERB TABLES — 14

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Phone 3576

Manager G. M. Harris

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EVERY DAY

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D. J. Robb

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LEWIS
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Second Blotto: I'll have a horse's tail. There's no use killing two horses.

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THESE ARE OUR AIMS

1 SAFETY—To ensure that we can return your money to you when needed.

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Honesty: The fear of being caught.

Illegibility: A doctor's prescription written with a post office pen on a subway train.

Kibitzer: a person with an inferiority complex.

Minds: Like parachutes they function only when open.

Necessary evil: One we like so much we don't care about abolishing it.

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"Not worn out," cried the cadet. "Why, if I step on a dime I can feel if
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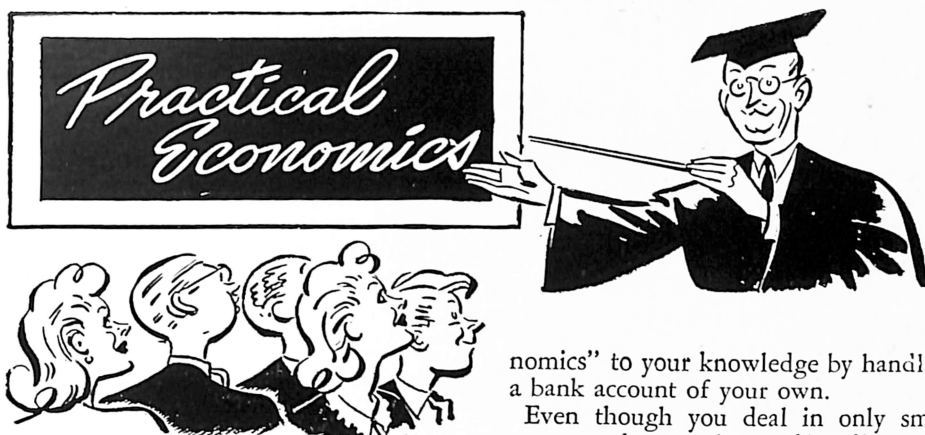
is a statement that would make any 'Teen-ager beam with pride! Being a success means so much! It means "glowing" as a top-notcher at School! It means, too, such things as good grooming, neatness with the things you wear, and the tidy "decks clear" way you keep your room at home!

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Voice: This is my brother.

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FLOWERPHONE 2

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In the Annesley Hall Women's Residences and Wymilwood, accommodation is available for women students of Victoria College. In the Victoria College Residences accommodation is available for men students of the College.

For full information, including calendars and bulletins,
apply to the Registrar, Victoria College, Toronto.

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STARDUST BEAUTY SALON

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Sunday School Teacher: Class, draw something to represent a Bible Story. One boy worked rapidly, drawing a huge animal, then colouring it various shades.

Sunday School Teacher: And what does that represent, Tommy?

Tommy: That's Joseph's goat of many colours.

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BLOUSES,
EVENING WEAR.

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Your Favourite Confectionery
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Greeting Cards For All
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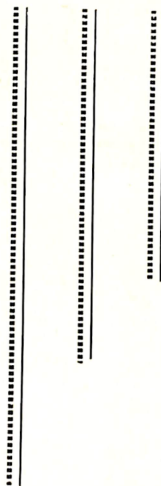
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